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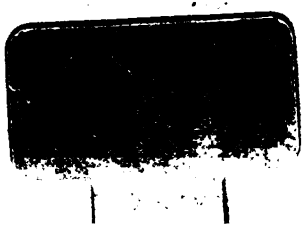

THE

"MASCOT."

("La Mascotte.")

COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

MUSIC BY

EDMOND AUDRAN.

English Translation and Adaptation of Words to Music by

THEODORE T. BARKER.

Dialogue and Stage Directions by

I. W. NORCROSS, Jr.

BOSTON:
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Cast of Characters.

BETTINA, the Mascot.....*Soprano.*
FIAMETTA, daughter of Lorenzo XVII.....*Mezzo Soprano.*
PIPPO, a Shepherd.....*Baritone.*
LORENZO XVII., Prince of Piombino.....*Baritone.*
ROCCO, a Farmer.....*Bass.*
FREDERIC, Prince of Pisa.....*Tenor.*
PARAFANTE, Sergeant.....*Baritone.*
MATHEO, Inn-keeper.....*Baritone.*

Peasants, Lords and Ladies of Court, Soldiers, etc., etc.

Argument.

The scene of the opera is laid in Piombino, Italy, in the 15th century. The stage represents a farm, when the peasants are celebrating the vintage festival. Rocco, the farmer, instead of joining the pleasures, sits moodily apart. In reply to the peasants, who ask the reason, he declares that it is on account of his ill-luck, which turns all his efforts to disadvantage. Pippo, his shepherd, whom he had sent to his brother for aid in his misfortunes, returns, bringing only a basket of eggs, and a letter, to the disgust of Rocco, with the information that his brother has sent, also, his turkey-keeper, Bettina, who will bring good fortune to his house, she being a Mascot, or hearth-angel, whose presence makes a home happy and prosperous. Pippo gives a glowing decription of Bettina's charms and accomplishments, which Rocco laughs at; and when Bettina arrives, shortly afterwards, she meets with a cold welcome from him, and an order to return whence she came. While she is preparing to leave, the scene is interrupted by the arrival of a hunting party, consisting of Prince Lorenzo, his daughter, Prince Frederic, and members of the court, who stop at the farm for rest and refreshment after the chase. The Prince who deems himself one of the unlucky ones, takes notice of Bettina, and by accident learns that she is the possesser of peculiar virtues, and determines to take her to his court, and make use of her gifts for his own advantage. Rocco appeals from his decision; but the prince pacifies him with the promise to make him Court Chamberlain, with large powers and emoluments. He then ennobles Bettina, as Countess of Panada, and with these added to the party, turns gaily nomeward, leaving Pippo behind, to his great disgust, and the sorrow of Bettina.

In the Second Act, we find the characters at the grand-ducal palace at Piombino. A grand fête is to be given in honor of the marriage of FIAMETTA, the Prince's daughter, to Frederic, the crown-prince of Pisa. Bettina is in great favor at the court, and is believed to be the king's favorite. While she, weary of the splendor that surrounds her, pines for her free peasant life, and for her absent lover, Pippo. Among the other wedding entertainments, is to be a display given by a company of actors and dancers, the principal one of which, under the name of Saltarelle, turns out to be Pippo in disguise. The lovers meet, and plan an escape, which fails, however, through Rocco, who announces the presence of Pippo to the Prince, and his arrest. Meanwhile, Fiametta has taken a great fancy to Pippo, and turns her back upon Frederic. She acknowledges her passion to the former, and tells him that Bettina is false to him, and about to marry her father, the Prince Lorenzo. At the last moment, Pippo and Bettina come together again, and explain matters. In a moment of general confusion, resulting from the cross-purposes of all parties — they escape by leaping through a window into the river below, to the horror of all present.

In the Third Act, the scene lies in the large hall of an Italian inn, in the duchy of Pisa. Soldiers of the Pisan army are carousing in honor of their recent victories, gained under the lead of Frederic, over the armies of Lorenzo. Pippo appears as a captain and friend of Frederic, and Bettina, as a young trooper, in which disguise she has fought through the war, as the companion of Pippo. They reveal their real names and persons to Frederic, and Pippo declares his intention to leave the army and marry Bettina at once. While the preparations are making for the wedding, Lorenzo, Fiametta and Rocco disguised as strolling minstrels, and wandering through the country to gain a living in their altered condition, resulting from the reverses of the war — meet the bridal party at the inn — make themselves known to each other, and after proper explanations on all sides Fiametta goes back to her old lover, Frederic, and the wedding of Bettina and Pippo is celebrated with general rejoicing.

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"THE MASCOT."

("LA MASCOTTE.")

COMIC OPERA IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

THE SCENE *represents a farmyard in Italy. At the right, a farm-house; at the left, a shed; at* L. C., *back, a post with large bell at top, and rope attached. At the back, a fence across the stage,* R. *to* L., *with arched gateway,* C., *and picturesque country beyond. Tables and rustic chairs,* R. *and* L. *At the rising of curtain the vintage feast has just begun. They are drinking new wine. Boys and girls are filling jugs from a large barrel, placed* L., *under the shed. They fill glasses, which they pass around.*

SONG.—PEASANT GIRLS & CHORUS.

CHORUS. Now the vintage time is over.
Lads and lasses gaily meet;
Quaff the new wine, maid and lover,
Wine so good, so fresh, so sweet!
Now the vintage time is over, etc., etc.

PEASANT GIRLS.

Our good wine cures melancholy,
Puts all petty cares to flight;
And from morning until night
Makes us feel exceeding jolly.

Potently it sways each gender,
Whether they be young or old,

It makes men in wooing bold,
And the ladies kind and tender!

This rare juice inspires with courage
Our most bashful wives and men;
That is why there have always been
Lots of children in this village.

CHORUS. Hail to wine, this friend so true!
Glou, glou, glou, glou, glou, glou!
Hail to wine, this friend so true!
Hail to its glou, glou! etc., etc.
Come, drink it down,
This wine so clear and sweet!
Now the vintage time is over, etc., etc.

(ROCCO *is seated*, R. PAOLA, FRANCESCA, ANTONIA, *Peasants, men and women, servants, etc.*, R. & L.)

PEASANT. Ah, boys, that is delicious! It makes a fellow feel so gay.

ANTONIA. (*Pointing to* ROCCO, *who is seated*, R., *with his head buried in his hands.*) It doesn't appear to have the same effect on Farmer Rocco. Look at him. How sad he looks!

PAOLA. True. For the past hour he has scarcely opened his lips.

FRANCESCA. What can be the matter? I'll ask him. (*Approaching him.*) Master Rocco——

ROCCO. (*Raising his head.*) What!

FRAN. You are sad, and you do not drink with us.

ROC. Well?

PAO. Is it because you are in trouble, Master Rocco.

ROC. Yes.

ANTON. And pray, Master Rocco, what is it grieves you so much?

ROC. Ill luck.

ALL. Ill luck?

ROC. (*Rises.*) Yes; ill luck, which pursues me everywhere! Nothing succeeds with me! Last year, my barn was burnt. For six months past, my sheep have been dying, one by one. Then my gamekeeper has entered a lawsuit against me, and, last of all, my tailor refuses me a new coat, because I haven't the money to pay him.

PEASANT. Poor Master Rocco!

PAO. What a pity!

FRAN. It is provoking.

ROC. Yes; and the more provoking when I think of my brother who has all the good luck,—all the chances, all the success. His corn ripens first; his flocks and herds fatten daily. Gold fills his coffers. He is Jack who laughs; I am Jack who weeps.

ANTON. And why does he not assist you?

PAO. Ah, yes! why, indeed? It isn't because I haven't asked him often enough. Every time I apply to him, do you know what he sends me?

ALL. No—what?

ROC. He invariably sends me a basket of fresh eggs. Think of it! A basket full of fresh eggs! A most *eggs*-traordinary fact!

ALL. Ha! ha! (*Laughing.*)

ROC. Yes; and accompanied by the usual subscription—a letter full of good advice.

PAO. Such meanness!

FRAN. The heartless man!

ROC. Even to-day I have sent my shepherd, Pippo to him with a letter which would soften a rock. I made one last appeal to his brotherly feelings; you will see what answer he will send me.

PAO. Here is Pippo coming. (*Pointing off*, R. U. E.)

(*Enter* PIPPO, *hastily*, R. U. E.)

ROC. (*Anxiously.*) Have you seen Antonio?

PIPPO. Yes. He is quite well.

ROC. Zounds!

PIP. He is fresh and rosy.

ROC. Of course he is. You delivered my letter to him?

PIP. Yes

ROC. And what answer did he make?

PIP. He spoke like this. (*Imitating* ANTONIO.) "Oh, my poor brother!"——

ROC. Well?

PIP. "This time he shall not ask in vain!"——

ROC. & OTHERS. Ah!

PIP. "I would even rob myself for him. I shall make him a royal present. Go tell him I shall send him Bettina."

ALL. Bettina!

PIP. Yes—Bettina.

ROC. And who is Bettina?

PIP. You do not know Bettina? Bettina, the rosebud—the keeper of his turkies.

ROC. What? He sends me his turkey-keeper! He must be crazy. Instead of reducing my expences, he adds to them, and when he knows I am in want—oh, this devilish ill luck!

PIP. Very true. Do you know what you should do master? You should have a Mascot.

ALL. A Mascot?

PIP. Yes, a Mascot. Don't you know what a Mascot is?

ALL. No—no. What is it?

PIP. Well then, I will tell you.

BALLAD.—PIPPO & CHORUS.

One day, the arch-fiend, drunk with pride,
Chose out of his fiery dominions,
Some imps, the most evil-eyed,
And bade them towards earth spread their pinions;
But when the Lord from heaven above,
Beheld what the dark fiend was brewing,
He sent forth messengers of love
To work, the fiend's mischief undoing.
Those messengers that heaven sends,
Are known as Mascots, my good friends:
Thrice happy he unto whose home
These kindly angels come! Ah!
The messengers that heaven sends, etc.
From heaven they come. Ah! ah! (*With closed mouth.*

PIPPO.

So, soon as in some mortal home,
An angel of this band appears,
A good fortune with it doth come,
That drives out all troubles and tears;
Should he be ill, health is restored,
If poor, he will soon make a fortune;
If scolds his wife, not long he's bored
With the vixen that doth him importune.
Those messengers, that heaven sends, etc., etc.

ROCCO. Bah! idle tales all this. (*Shrugging shoulders.*)

PIPPO. Idle tales? You may laugh, master Rocco, but there are famous examples in all the country.

ROCCO. Quit, fool! They are laughing at you.

FRANCESCA. Look, girls. (*Pointing* R.) There is old Carlo, the fiddler. They are going to have a dance in the square. Let's join them.

ALL. The dance! The dance!

CHORUS.

Now the vintage time is over.
Lads and lasses gaily meet;
Quaff the new wine, both maid and lover,
Wine so good, so fresh, and sweet!
Now the vintage time is over, etc., etc.

(*All the peasants go off joyously* R. U. E., *through gateway.*)

PIPPO. Come, master, we mustn't always be sad.

ROCCO. And what would you have me do, when I see my last hope vanish like all the rest? When I count upon my brother for assistance, and I receive from him—what? The keeper of his turkeys.

PIP. But you do not know her. You do not know Bettina's worth.

ROC. How so?

PIP. Well then, I love her!

ROC. You?

PIP. Aye, and dearly too! Each time you have sent me to Antonio's, I have met and courted her. We have sat lovingly together, and told our tales of love. We have quarrelled and and kissed over the same differences. My body is fairly black and blue from her little love-pats. Even the thought of her makes my heart jump like a kid goat of six weeks. I'm badly affected. Feel of my pulse. (*Holds out his hand.*)

ROC. Nonsense! She cares nothing for you.

PIP. On the contrary, she adores me. She is always glad to see me, and then, you should see us dance together!

ROC. Ah, yes; dancing is your great accomplishment.

PIP. (*Turning a piroutte.*) Our mutual accomplishment, Master Rocco. (*Turns another.*) How glad I am that she is coming here!

ROC. Yes, another mouth to feed.

PIP. But such a pretty mouth, master! and then, such eyes! such arms! and such a foot!

ROC. Come, come, no more of this! Go to your sheep, sir, where you belong, and, remember, you can't serve your master and your love at the same time.

PIP. I go, Master Rocco. (*Takes a running jump with staff, off* L. U. E.)

ROC. As for myself, I will go and water my cattle. (*Exit.*)

(*Scarcely has* ROCCO *disappeared when* BETTINA *enters,* R. U. E. *Runs down and across the stage to* L. *and back to* R., *followed by seven or eight village boys who surround her, and tease her. She carries a bag.*)

BETTINA. Will you let me alone!

(*She pushes them from her, and darts to* C. *The boys follow and surround her again.*)

SONG.—BETTINA AND CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Come, now, my beauty—quick, a little kiss!
O maiden pretty! you'll not refuse this.
No, maiden, sweet and pretty,
You cannot refuse me this!

BETTINA.

You count upon a kiss, my boys,
But, to my mind, no kiss you'll find.

SONG.—BETTINA.

Don't come too near, I tell you,
Or I'll surely teach
Good manners to the first who
Comes within my reach!
I think, by my expression,
Each of you may see
That I'll not stand oppression
Very patiently.

For I am Bettina, the rosebud,
And I would just have you know,
That any one who tries to kiss me,
Will from me get a blow!

I'm ready to demonstrate,
That I am stoutly made,
And all of you to tackle
I am not afraid!
I mean to stand no nonsense,
Know it, once for all,
If one of you comes near me,
He will get a fall!
For I'm fair Bettine, the rosebud, etc.

CHORUS.

No, no; of such a pretty maid,
A lad of spirit is not afraid!
Come, now, my beauty, quick—a little kiss!
O maiden pretty! you'll not refuse me this!
No; maiden sweet and pretty,
You cannot refuse me this—a little kiss!

At conclusion of song, ROCCO *enters* L., *from under shed with bucket of water, as boys continue to tease* BETTINA. *She sieses the bucket of water from Farmer* ROCCO, *and throws contents in their faces. They run off,* R U.E..)

BETTINA. Take that, then!

ROCCO. (*Astonished*) Well, well!

BET. (*Laughing at them, then curtseying to* Farmer ROCCO.) Plenty of good things to you, sir!

ROC. (*Admiringly.*) What a jolly girl!

BET. Who ever saw such boobies? What do they take me for, I wonder? Do they think, perchance, my heart is an artichoke, and they can divide its leaves among themselves? These country chaps are very droll. They no sooner see a young girl coming than they set themselves upon her, and want to kiss her. (*Going up stage, and calling to them.*) I say, lads (*laughing*), come back here.

ROC. They won't be likely to return before they dry themselves. But, tell me, are you not from Farmer Antonio's?

BET. In straight line, sir—looking for Master Rocco's farm. (*Strikes attitude.*)

ROC. I am Rocco. So you are Bettina, eh?

BET. Bettina, the rosebud, so-called, and keeper of turkeys. Ma
of-all-work, and I can boast of it. So you are my new maste
ROC. Alas! BET. Do I not please you, sir?
ROC. No—yes—that is. But my brother, did he not give you a
thing for me?
BET. Oh, yes; I have it in my bag. (*Fumbling in her bag.*) It
quite at the bottom.
ROC. (*Rubbing his hands.*) The royal present at last!
BET. (*Drawing from her bag a little basket of eggs and a lettter i
it.*) There it is, sir—a basket of eggs and a letter.
ROC. (*Despondently.*) Always the basket of fresh eggs, and (*takin
out letter and putting it in his pocket*) the usual contributio
(*Putting eggs on table.*) May heaven bless him and his eggs!
BET. You do not look happy, master?
ROC. True, I am not happy. Everything goes against me, and m
brother makes game of me!
BET. Master Antonio told me you would receive me with open arms
that I should be fêted, and petted, and made much of, as I hav
always been with him. How is it? Do I not please you?
ROC. No; it is not that; you look like a good girl.
BET. I am called a very good girl—good character. I like to laugh
I'm merry by nature. ROC. So much the better.
BET. Then why do I not please you? Where there is work to b
done, you will always find me there. I will split your wood fo
you, do your washing, make your butter. I will do everythin
for you, so that you will say, "This girl is a treasure!"
ROC. (*Aside.*) A treasure? Perhaps that is why my brother send
her. (*Aloud.*) 'Tis well; here is my house. (*Approaching house*
BET. Then you won't turn me away, sir? (*Shouts and hunting horn
heard off*, R.U.E.) Ah! what is that?
ROC. Horns! 'Tis the royal hunt! (*Goes up stage a few steps.*)
BET. (*Excited and running to back of stage.*) Oh! Oh! see them
A heap of fine ladies and gentlemen—and coming this way too
(*Running about stage. Two pages*, ANGELO *and* LUIGI, *enter
hurriedly, from* R.U.E., *through gateway*, C., *and stop at centre
of stage; they salute. They are both dressed in rich costume
of the chase.*)
ANGELO. (*Officiously.*) We come before his highness, Lorenzo XVII
Prince of Piombino.
ROC. (*Taking off his hat quickly.*) Lorenzo XVII!

Our sovereign!

Yes; and accompanied by his august daughter, Princess Fiametta, her future husband, Prince Frederic, and all their *suite.*

H. Their serene highnesses are tired, and wish to rest themselves at your farm, good man. Therefore, prepare ye to receive them. (ANGELO *and* LUIGI *exit in same order through gateway,* C, *and off,* R.U.E.)

. The Prince Lorenzo at my house! What an honor! I am not fit to be seen in this dress of sackcloth!

. And I with my hair all hanging about. (*She puts up her hair.*) And my dress all tumbled! (*She smooths down her dress.*) And—oh, heavens!

C. What is it?

R. My stocking has got a hole in it!

C. Where?

R. At the toe.

C. That is *toe* thin! I don't take *stock in'* that! (*Horns heard near by.*)

T. (*Running up stage, then down,* R.) Here they are!

nter pages, followed by lords and ladies. They are all dressed in the costume of the chase, and take positions, R. *and* L.)

CHORUS.

When the gay sport of hunting is over,
Sweet 'tis to know that rest is nigh!
Let us make way for our good sovreign;
"Long live the Prince!" shall be our cry! etc.

OCCO. O Prince! what honor great for me!

ET. Ah, indeed, 'tis a favor tremendous,
That luck such high-born guests should send us!

OR. My faith, she is charming, very charming to see!

RED. Fiametta, love, entrancing beauty,
To worship you is pleasant duty!

IAM. That will do, Prince—no more of that!
I detest your speeches so flat!

OR. No accident has marred the hunter's pleasure.
I am glad; for, just before,
I beheld an ugly spider
Which means that trouble's in store!

IAM. Really, I cannot help laughing,

For this is almost too flat;
Now say truly, without chaffing,
Have you, really, faith in that?

LOR. It's no theme for laughing; for I believe it,
And will tell you the reason why.

SONG.—LORENZO.

LOR. Wise men have in all ages,
ALL. Have in all ages,
LOR. Hereabouts and elsewhere,
ALL. Elsewhere,
LOR. Said signs and dark presages,
ALL. Signs and presages,
LOR. Were not all made of air.
ALL. Of air.
LOR. So if it be your pleasure,
ALL. It be your pleasure,
LOR. I'd have it understood,
ALL. It understood,
LOR. Thirteen at table's bad, sure;
ALL. Thirteen is bad, sure;
LOR. But twelve is very good,
ALL. Quite good!

II.

LOR. I feel uncomfortable,
ALL. Uncomfortable,
LOR. Yes; I may say afraid
ALL. Afraid
LOR. Where salt's spilled on the table,
ALL. Spilled on the table,
LOR. And knives are crosswise laid,
ALL. Are laid;
LOR. And what is still more curious,
ALL. Is still more curious,
LOR. Facts which to most of you,
ALL. To most of you,
LOR. Would seem to be quite spurious,
ALL. To be quite spurious,
LOR. I believe to be true.
ALL. Quite true.

LORENZO.

Signs, omens, dreams, predictions,
They surely are not fictions;
And many facts does hist'ry cite,
Which show that I right, etc.

CHORUS.

Signs, omens, dreams, predictions,
They surely are not fictions, etc.

MALE & FEMALE CHORUS.

When the gay sport of hunting's over
Sweet 'tis to know that rest is nigh!
Let us make way for our good sov'reign,
And let us shout, "Live, Lorenzo!"

(*At conclusion of Chorus, enter* LOR., *followed by* FIAM. *and* FRED.)

FIAM. Come, papa, let us forget all this, now that we are in this temple of agriculture.

LOR. A temple?

FIAM. Yes, a rustic temple. For my part, I prefer it to all your magnificent palaces.

FRED. Very singular taste, Princess, it seems to me.

FIAM. Be quiet, sir! (*To* ROC.) My good man, I long for a glass of pure, fresh milk.

ROC. With pleasure, madame. Bettina shall milk the cow at once.

BET. (*Curtseying.*)Yes,madame. I'll not be long.(*To the lords and ladies.*) And if the ladies and gentlemen will follow me, they will see how it is done. (BETTINA *exits* L. *under shed, followed by lords and ladies.* LOR., FIAM., FRED. *and* ROC. *remain.*)

LOR. 'Tis well, farmer. I am satisfied with your reception. (*Coming down.* FIAM. *and* FRED. *retire up.* LOR. *holds out his hand.*) I permit you to kiss my hand.

ROC. Oh, Prince, this is too much honor! (*Kisses hand.*)

LOR. It is a great deal, I confess. Still, I am a monarch without ceremony—not formal, and a jolly good fellow! I breathe gayety—Ha, ha, ha! (*Stopping suddenly, and changing his tone.*) Or, rather, I have the air of breathing gayety. I am merry, but it does not come from the heart; for under this happy exterior I hide a poignant care

ROC. But what can trouble the existence of my prince?

LOR. What is the trouble? Ill luck! I am doomed to misfortune!

ROC. Ah, just like me!

LOR. If I go to battle, I am generally beaten along the whole line. If I play at throwing dice, I invariably lose; and if I aim at a deer, I kill a rabbit—that is, when I kill anything!

ROC. Absolutely like me!

LOR. Yet I am merry—ha, ha, ha!

FIAM. Calm yourself, papa!

LOR. Yes, I will be calm—very calm; even placid, if you wish it. A chair, if you please—I am very tired!

ROC. Your Highness has only to mention it. (*Quickly bringing chair.*)

LOR. Thank you! (*Seats himself in chair, which breaks down. He falls to the floor.*)

FIAM. Heavens—papa!

ROC. (*At same time.*) Oh, sire!

FRED. Have you broken any bones, father-in-law? (*Helping him up.*

LOR. (*Holding on to his side.*) Only thirteen of my ribs! How many of them are there?

FRED. Ribs?

LOR. No—chairs.

ROC. Only this one, your Highness

LOR. Of course, it was for me! It does not surprise me. My usual ill luck, my misfortune! (*Enter* BET. *with three cups of milk on a tray.*)

BET. (*Curtseying.*) Here is the new milk for your Highnesses.

FIAM. (*Taking glass, which she gives to* LOR.) Drink, papa; it will do you good. (*He takes it and prepares to drink.* FIAMETTA *and* FREDERIC *taking the other two and doing the same;* LOR. *drinks last.*)

FIAM. (*After drinking.*) It is delicious!

FRED. (*Same.*) Excellent!

LOR. (*Uttering a cry, and throwing cup from him after tasting it.*) Oh!

FIAM. (*Running to him.*) What is the matter, papa?

LOR. Ah! (*Making a wry face.*) My milk has soured!

BET. (*Aside.*) Heaven! I took the vinegar-cup! What will become of me?

ROC. Whoever heard of the like?

LOR. Nothing remarkable, my friends, I assure you! Everything sours with me—I am prepared for it! (*Enter* PIPPO, *hurriedly,* L.U.E., *coming down to* ROC.)

PIPPO. Oh, master, what a lot of fine people!

ROC. (*Aside to* PIP.) It is Prince Lorenzo and his daughter.

PIP. (*Removing his hat.*) The Prince!

FIAM. (*Aside, admiring* PIP.) What a handsome youth!

ROC. (*To* LOR.) If your Highness pleases, I will show you my farm —it may amuse you.

LOR. 'Tis well; lead on; but there is misfortune in the air—I scent it. (*To* FIAM.) Follow me, my daughter. (*He exits* L. *with* ROC.)

FRED. (*Offering his arm to* FIAM.) Allow me, beloved one!

FIAM. (*Not noticing, and passing by him to* L., *then throwing a last look upon* PIPPO. How handsome—how noble he looks! (*She exits quickly,* L., *sighing;* BETTINA *notices this, and starts;* PIP. *exits* R.)

BET. What! again?

FRED. (*Following* FIAM.) Wait for me—wait for me, I say! (*He follows her;* PIPPO *exits* R.)

BET. Now what does she mean by looking at my Pippo? Does she want to take him from me? Oh, never, while the rosebud is here! (FIAM. *re-enters quickly,* L., BET. *sees her.*) Ah, she is back again!

FIAM. Gone? (*Goes up stage, looking* R. *and* L.)

BET. She is looking for him! Oh, if she dares!—(*Raises her arm.*) No; (*Drawing back.*) I must not slap a Princess!

FIAM. (*Perceiving* BET.) Ah! Perhaps this girl can tell me. (*To* BET. A word with you.

BET. (*Curtseying.*) What does your Highness desire?

FIAM. (*Indifferently.*) A simple favor. When we arrived here, I saw a youth—a farmer's son, probably——

BET. The shepherd, your Highness. (*Aside.*) That will take her down a peg!

FIAM. A simple shepherd? (*Aside.*) Rustic simplicity, how I adore thee! (*Aloud*) He appeared to me very handsome! (BET. *starts, but recovers herself.*)

BET. You—you think so, Princess?

FIAM. Yes; but do not be surprised. I love everything that is beautiful in nature. I detest this court wherein I live, and regret being born on the steps of a throne. Oh, how I long for the simple country life! I wish to be clothed in a dress of coarse cloth; walk barefoot without a hat, and make hay; and have for a companion (*passionately*) the simple country lad!

COUPLETS.—FIAMETTA.

I.

This country lad I do admire,
When in the sunlight he is standing;
I like his face, his form commanding,
Also his picturesque attire;
Truly, he is a child of nature,
He is awake at morn's first peep;
And he toils until shadows lengthen,
Then 'midst his flocks he falls asleep.

II.

To our great lords I don't incline,—
Sallow of face, and thin as shadows,—
They look too much like walking scarecrows,
Although their clothes are very fine;
But this young lad with rustic manners,
Which pleases more than theirs, indeed;
Should he try to win my affection,
Without a doubt, he would succeed.

(*Very lightly.*)

Far from the blast of courtly rays,
I should have loved to spend my days;
A simple shepherdess,
In linsey-woolsey dress,
With rustic ways.

SONG.—FIAMETTA *and* FREDERIC.

FRED.—I.

Tho' of an awkward village lad
I've not the robustness excessive,
My qualities much finer are,
Of elegance my shape's expressive;
My leg is slim and neatly turned,
My frame is really quite æsthetic,
And I possess, beside all this,
A peculiar charm, a peculiar charm!
A peculiar charm, quite poetic!

FIAM. A peculiar charm, a peculiar charm!

FRED. A peculiar charm, quite poetic!

FRED.—II.

I am as slender as a reed,
Of pale complexion am the owner;
I eat and drink just like a bird,
And Venus hold above Bellona;
The soul I've of a troubadour,
My sighs and glances are magnetic;
I breathe the very air of love—
That peculiar charm, that peculiar charm!
That peculiar charm, so poetic!

FIAM. That peculiar charm, that peculiar charm!

FRED. That peculiar charm, so poetic!

FIAMETTA. I must confess that I am interested in this young shepherd. A face free and open, sweet and generous in his manners.

BETTINA. (*Aside.*) She loves my Pippo; I am sure of it! I know what I'll do. I'll give her a certificate of his character that will cool her a little. (*Aloud.*) Oh, Princess, you shouldn't trust to appearances; they are very deceitful.

FIAM. What do you mean?

BET. He looks simple, but he is very bad-tempered.

FIAM. Ah!

BET. He is always spoiling for a fight. It was only the other day he quarrelled with three of our boys, and whipped them badly.

FIAM. All three?

BET. Yes, all three of them.

FIAM. (*Admiringly, aside.*) What a brave fellow! What valor!

BET. And then he is such a glutton. He is always eating and drinking. He will swallow six plates of soup in the twinkling of an eye.

FIAM. Six plates! (*Aside.*) Why not? He is the perfect picture of health. (*To* BET.) Thank you. I shall know how to receive him. (*Aside.*) Just my ideal!

BET. (*Curtseying.*) I am always at your Highness' service. I feel much easier now. (*Exit* R. *into house. Enter* FRED. *hurriedly*, L.

FRED. Ah, Princess, here you are! I've been looking everywhere for you. When I am not with you, I no longer exist. I merely vegetate.

FIAM. Really, you are quite a plant!

FRED. Exactly: one that can exist only in the sunlight of your smiles.

FIAM. How sentimental! Ah, but you did not vanquish three men It was not you who swallowed six plates of soup.

FRED. (*Making a grimace*). I should hope not!

FIAM. Oh, these great lords!—no blood, no biceps, no muscles, no anything!

FRED. Allow me, my sweet one. I shine with other qualities.

(*Enter* PIPPO *and* BETTINA., L.U.E, *through gateway*, C.)

PIP. Your pardon, Princess, if I interrupt you; but your father, the Prince Lorenzo, is asking for you.

FIAM. (*Sweetly.*) Papa wishes to see me? 'Tis well. I am going, my friend.

BET. (*Aside.*) Her friend!

FRED. (*Aside*) Her friend!

FIAM. (*Admiringly to* PIP.) So then, you are not afraid of three men.

PIP. (*Laughing loudly.*) No; nor three women, either!

FIAM. (*Aside*) What a nature. One only finds it here! (*Sighing.*) Ah! (*Dryly.*) Follow me, Frederic. (*She goes* L.)

FRED. Yes, my sweet one!

FIAM. (*Pushing* FRED. *before her.*) Pass on before. (*Admiring* PIPPO.) He is decidely handsome; yes, very handsome! Ah! [*Exit* L.

PIP. (*Laughing, and looking after the Princess.*) She is very funny, this Princess!

BET. (*Sulking.*) Do you think so, Mister Pippo? Perhaps you would like to follow her?

PIP. Come, come; don't be foolish. (*Laughing.*)

BET. Did I not see you devouring her with your eyes?

PIP. Me, a shepherd, cast an eye at the daughter of Prince Lorenzo! (*Going up to her, and putting arm about her waist.*) Ah, Bettina! if you only knew how I love you!

BET. And I, Pippo, have loved you from the first time I saw—ah, Pippo, Pippo!

DUET.—BETTINA *and* PIPPO.

BET. When I behold your manly form,
A sweet emotion agitates me!

PIP. And when, Bettina, your face I see,
Delight unbounded permeates me!

BET. The tones melodious of your voice,
Are sweeter far, than sweetest honey;

PIP. And when your glances rest on me,
Right there (*points to heart.*) it makes me feel so funny.
BET. Whenever, love, your eyes meet mine,
I feel a strange exhileration;
PIP. And of your hair the sweet perfume,
Gives a delightful tiltilation.
BET. When you approach me suddenly,
Just like a little chick I tremble;
PIP. And when your little hands meet mine,
My raptures I cannot dissemble!
BET. I my turkeys, love,
PIP. And I my sheep, love
BET. When they sound their sweet gobble, gobble, gobble.
PIP. When they softly bleat—ba!
BET. But you I more than turkeys love,
PIP. And you more than sheep I love, etc.
BET. When they sound their sweetest gobble, gobble, etc.

(*At the conclusion of Duet,* PIPPO *embraces* BETTINA. *Enter* ROCCO C., *from* L.U.E.)

ROC. Well, well, upon my word!
BET. (*Confused, and drawing away from* PIPPO.) Oh!
PIP. I told you so, master!
ROC. Be quiet, you lazy fellow! Here I find you kissing and hugging, and you should be driving your sheep to the fold.
PIP. But—
ROC. (*Furiously*) No buts about it—go at once, I tell you!
PIP. All right, master, I'll go. (*He goes out* C., *off* L.U.E., *throwing kisses to* BET.)
BET. (*Aside, looking at* ROC.) Old sour milk!
ROC. As for you my beauty I'll stand none of this! You may pack up your bundle and go.
BET. (*With emotion.*) What! You send me away?
ROC. Immediately! You can go back to my brother.
BET. (*Crying.*) You are very hard, sir. (*Crying.*) All for one unfortunate little kiss! (*Crying bitterly.*)
ROC. Come, come, no snivelling; but pack up your bundle, and go.
BET. (*Still crying.*) Very well, sir, I will go. Is there any answer to the letter, sir?
ROC. Ah, yes. (*Drawing letter from his pocket.*) The same old

story, no doubt. However, I will read it. (*He unfolds letter, while* BET. *on the right, is arranging her things to go. The orchestra plays softly the legend of the Mascot as* ROC. *reads.*)

"My Dear Brother:

"If I have succeeded in all I have undertaken, if I have made a fortune, and have always had good luck, it is because I possessed a 'Mascot.' (*Interrupting.*) A what? (*Continuing.* "But now that I am rich, happy, and have nothing to wish for, in proof of my friendship for you, I send you *her* who has brought me all my happiness My 'Mascot' is Bettina. I give her to you." (*Looking at* BET.) She—a Mascot!

BET. (*Who has made her preparations.*) I am ready to go, sir.

ROC. (*Not noticing her, and continuing to read.*) "And as soon as she will be with you, bad luck will disappear, and good fortune will make you smile." (*Enter* PIPPO, C. *from* L.U.E., *running with coat on his arm.*)

PIP. Master, master!—good news! Good news!

ROC. (*Putting letters in his pocket.*) What then?

PIP. Your cow has been found!

ROC. Is it true?

PIP. Yes; and I have just met the gamekeeper. You have won your lawsuit!

ROC. Is it possible?

PIP. Yes; and here is your coat, which the tailor says you can have without the money.

ROC. My cow—my lawsuit—my coat—all at once! (*Looking at* BET.) And she has been here but a short time.

BET. I am going away, Pippo. Master Rocco drives me out.

PIP. You?

ROC. (*Running quickly to* BET.) Who says that? (*Taking her bundle from her.*) You go away? Never!

BET. (*Dazed.*) How he has changed!

ROC. (*Earnestly.*) You shall never leave me! I will give you the best room in the house. You can fix your own wages. You shall have everything you wish for; but promise me that you will never leave me.

BET. Willingly. (*Aside.*) Old sour milk has actually turned into cream.

FRED. (*Enters hurriedly.*) Help! Help!

ROC., PIP., BET. What! What is the matter?

FRED. Prince Lorenzo!——

ROC. *and others.* Well?

FRED. His highness, thinking it was a good omen, insisted upon picking lilies in the frog-pond. He leaned too far, and over he went head first!

ROC. *and others.* Heavens!

FRED. Happily I was there. I caught hold of the royal flap of his royal coat-tail, and pulled him out. He is wet through to the waist, and must have a dry coat.

ROC. Wait a moment; I will give him mine. (*Takes off coat and gives it to* FRED. *saying, aside.*) 'Twill give me a chance to wear my new one!

FRED. (*Drawing* PIP. *with him.*) Come with me; you can assist me in changing his clothes. (*They exit* L.)

ROC. (*Putting on new coat.*) And to think it is she to whom I owe all this. (*Earnestly.*) Ah, yes, Bettina—you are, indeed, a treasure!

BET. (*Aside.*) He'll turn into butter next!

ROC. But I feel anxious about you. Tell me, are you not hungry?

BET. Yes; I *do* feel a goneness!

ROC. What! You feel a goneness, and you do not tell me! Go to the larder at once, and take the best of everything—I command you!

BET. Yes, master.

ROC. And you will never leave me?

BET. Never! (*Aside.*) I believe he has gone crazy. [*Exit into house,* R.

ROC. (*Rubbing his hands, and walking about.*) A Mascot! At last I possess a Mascot! Everything will succeed with me now! I shall buy lands and vineyards and stock. I shall become the richest farmer in the kingdom! (*Enter* LOR. L., *holding a letter in his hand, reading.*) Ah! I must read that happy letter again. (*Fumbling in his pockets.*) What have I done with it?

LOR. (*With* ROCCO'S *coat on, coming forward and showing letter.*) Here it is.

ROC. What! You have it, my Prince?

LOR. It was in your pocket. So, my good man, you possess a Mascot?

ROC. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Yes, your Highness.

LOR. (*With authority.*) 'Tis well; I am going to take her!

ROC. (*Stupified.*) Eh—what! You are going to take her from me? Oh, Prince, have mercy! (*Falling upon his knees.*) I have had too much ill luck already!

LOR. Oh, well—think of mine! But should not your petty, mean

ill luck give way before my royal ill luck? Think what you owe to your sovereign! Resist me, and I will have you thrown into a dungeon! Give her to me and I will load you with favors and honors.

ROC. Well, of the two, I choose the favors and honors.

LOR. Wisely chosen. I shall give you plenty. Now, let us read the treatise on Mascots.

ROC. The treatise?

LOR. Yes; the treatise mentioned in the postscript. (*Showing* ROC. *and reading.*) "You will find in the basket of eggs a complete treatise on Mascots, which you must observe strictly."

ROC. Here is the basket of eggs. (*He takes it from table.*) I haven't opened it. (*He opens and draws out a book.*) A musty, worm-eaten book, I declare!

LOR. Quick! Let us read. (*Takes book from* ROC.) Listen. (*Reading.*) "Article 1st: One is born a Mascot; one cannot become one otherwise. (*Interrupting.*) Very true; I've learned that from experience.

ROC. It is a gift.

LOR. (*Continuing.*) "Article 2d: "The Mascot is hereditary in families, but sometimes the child is superior to the father and mother.

ROC. Curious enough.

LOR. (*Reading.*) "Article 3d: The most important"—Oh, oh! it fairly blinds me! ROC. (*Approaching anxiously.*) Yes, yes! read on.

LOR. (*Reading.*) "A Mascot should never marry other than a Mascot; for should a Mascot marry otherwise, all good influences will absolutely cease with the first bridal kiss, only to reappear a generation hence in the offspring of the union, and then in a lesser degree.

ROC. The first bridal kiss!

LOR. Think of it—delicate enough, indeed! We must watch her closely. No elopements or secret marriages in this case. Eternal vigilance will be the price of our future welfare! But I am impatient to see her, Bettina, as she is called. Who is she, and what does she do?

ROC. She is the keeper of my turkeys.

LOR. A keeper of turkeys? Hem! Has she any relatives?

ROC. None that I know of.

LOR. So much the better. I will make her believe she is descended from a noble family.

ROC. And you will reward me liberally?

LOR. Most sumptuously! I will take you both to my court; I will make you my lord chamberlain, and she—well, you will see what I have in store for her. Bring her immediately!

ROC. Wait a moment. (*He goes to the bell and rings loudly. Everybody appears upon the scene, including lords and ladies of the court, pages, peasants, etc.*

FINALE.—BET., FIAM., FRED., PIP., LOR., ROC., CHORUS.

CHORUS.

A ring, a ring! A sounding ring!
Who's ringing so? What's up, I'd like to know?
Who can be ringing so? etc.

LOR. I wish to speak. without delay,
To your fair maid, Bettine!
Quickly call her here!
Doubtless she is somewhere near, etc.

PIP. What can he want with my Bettine?

FIAM. What does he mean to tell Bettine?

CHO. Ho, there! come here, Bettine! etc.

BET. (*Entering.*) Well, what now? Here I am, Bettine!

ROC. Our noble Prince desires your presence.

BET. What! 'tis the Prince desires my presence!

ROC. Yes, 'tis the Prince desires your presence.

BET. What to me, sir, would you impart?

LOR. Come to me! Come to me, my fair maid!
Here let me fold you to my heart!

CHO. To his heart!

BET. What? This to a servant?

LOR. No, not at all,—that title scorn,—
Your origin is far more brilliant;
To exalted rank you were born!
For news, just now, has come to me,
That you're, indeed, a true descendent
Of the ancient Dukes of Panada.

BET. Indeed! Am I a Panada?

CHO. A Panada!

BET. This cannot be reality!

CHO. A Panada! Say, can that be? A Panada!

BET. FIAM. } Say, can that be? Ah, what an adventure!
FRED. } I don't understand it at all!
PIP. Say, can that be? Disgusting adventure!
I can't understand it at all!
LOR. Say, can that be? It is an imposture!
What of that? Yes, what matters that?
ROC. Say, can that be? It is an imposture!
But by means of that, thanks to that——
CHO. Say, can that be? It is an imposture, etc.
ROC. LOR. By means of that——
BET. LOR. } I'm } high-born, that's quite sure!
ROC. } She's }
PIP. She's lost to me, sure!
LOR. Bettina is mine, sure!
ROC. Wealth and ease are mine, sure!
CHO. She's highborn, that's quite sure!
BET. I'm a Panada!
ALL. She's a Panada!
LOR. To the court, my charming beauty,
Where to be is now your duty,
We without delay soon must go.
BET. Yes, my lord, I will go with pleasure,
But I'd like, if so be your pleasure,
With me Pippo to take along.
ROC. The one she loves!
LOR. With fright I'm breathless!
No, dear Countess, I can't allow it.
BET. You refuse me!
PIP. To part from thee!
BET. Ah, I can't help it—that I see!
LOR. But think a bit—your rank demands it!
ROC. Yes, you now must give up the lad:
Name of Panada commands it.
PIP. Oh, botheration—that's too bad!
BET. The name of Panada commands it!
I am resigned, but don't like it.
Oh, my Pippo—my good Pippo!
Beats my heart—my head is unsteady.
Alas! I must at once be ready,
Far from you to go! etc.

BET. Ah! since stern fate tears us asunder,
Thou wilt think of me, Pippo, Pippo dear!
PIP. Since cruel fate now tears us asunder,
Oft will think thy Pippo of thee!
BET. Ah, think oft of me!
LOR. Come, let's be off!
BET. But to weep, 'tis no use,
And I hope that we soon shall meet again.
Silence, now, on the watch they remain,
But all in vain;
They all must think about me,
That with all I am content!
LOR. Most charming Countess, 'tis time for leaving.
Come, let's be off!

SONG.—BETTINA *and* CHORUS.

BETTINA.

Come, let us now be off, as quick as a bird,
Tink, tink, the sound of coach bells outside is heard.
Click, clack, postillion gay; click, clack, ho, la ho!
Come, let's be off at once, for now we must go.

CHORUS.

Come, let us now be off as quick as a bird;
Tink, tink, the sound of coach bells outside is heard.
Click, clack, postillion gay; click, clack, ho la ho! etc.
Hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, hop, etc.

BETTINA.

I must, my bonny lad, off to the court betake me;
Thy loved Bettine must leave thee.
Ah! 'tis quite too bad. Ah!

PIPPO.

I'm an unhappy lad;
She goes to splendors courtly;
My dear Bettine must leave me!
Ah, it is quite too bad! Ah!

ALL.

Come, let now be off as quick as a bird;
Tink, tink, the sound of coach bells outside is heard.
Click, clack, postillion gay, etc., etc.

END OF FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Hall in the palace of the Grand Dnke of Piombino. A large opening upon a gallery or corridor at back of stage. Door* R., *window 3* E. *Two doors,* L. *Arm-chairs, divans, chairs, etc.,* R. *and* L. *At rise of curtain,* CARLO, MARCO, ANGELO, LUIGI, BEPPO *and other pages discovered.*

CHORUS AND COUPLETS.

CARLO, PAOLO, ANGELO, LUIGI, MARCO AND CHORUS.

PAGES. Oh, what beauty, what charming graces——
CHO. What charming graces——
PAGES. Has the Countess of Panada!
CHO. What charming graces!
PAGES. In whispers we may speak her praises.
The one she loves will happy be!
ALL. Oh, what beauty, what charming grace, etc.
LUI. Yes; truly, her beauty's enthralling,
And gracious, too, she doth appear!
CAR. At her feet all the world are falling,
Within the month that she is here!
CHO. Ah, what beauty, what charming graces! etc.
PAO. I gaze on her with admiration,
And in secret I will woo.
ANG. I have penned for her contemplation,
A charming little billet-doux!
CHO. The same have I, too! etc.
LUI. Thine to us read!
ANG. Well, all give heed!

COUPLETS.—ANGELO *and* MARCO.

ANGELO. (*Reading.*)

Excuse my boldness, I implore you!
Accept my heart, bestowed on you!
Fair Countess, truly I adore you.
ALL. I adore you!

ANG. I adore you! I adore you!
CHO. That's absolutely my case too!

II.—MARCO.

When you a sweet smile deign to grant me,
I'm happier than a king can be,
But far from you, my sorrows haunt me;
ALL Sorrows haunt me!
MAR. Sorrows haunt me; sorrows haunt me!
CHO. That's absolutely just like me!

III.—CARLO.

If favor you refuse to show me,
If you no pity have for me,
I'll here into the river throw me!
ALL. River throw me.
CARLO. I'll into the river throw me!
ALL. Like me is that, as like can be!
Is absolutely just like me! etc.
CHO. Oh, what beauty, what charming graces
Has the Countess of Panada! etc.

At the conclusion, ROCCO *and* LORENZO *enter* L. 3. E. LORENZO *approaches pages, on tip-toe, and takes notes from them.*

PAGES. (*frightened.*) The Prince! We are caught!
LOR. Love letters to the Countess, eh?
ROC. A pleasant occupation.
LOR. (*angered*) 'Tis monstrous!
PAGES. Your highness——
LOR. Hold your tongues! If you ever dare to cast your eyes upon her, or breathe the smallest word of love to her, that moment you will answer with your lives.
ALL THE PAGES. Pardon, pardon, Sire!
LOR. You have heard me.— (*pointing to back.*) Go!

Chorus of Pages as they exit back.

CHORUS.

From thy presence forth now they sends us,
O Countess fair of Panada!
But though their words and deeds offend us,
The one she loves will happy be!

Oh, what beauty, what charming grace
Has the Countess fair of Panada! (*Exit.*)

ROC. You are rather severe with this young man.

LOR. Not half severe enough. Do you not remember the third article on the treatise of the Mascots — the kiss?

ROC. True; but she must marry first.

LOR. But, supposing she marries on the sly, as young girls often take it in their heads to do. Now there's that irrepressible Pippo, who makes his appearance every now and then.

ROC. Never fear. He'll not forget his last reception very soon.

LOR. I hope not. Think of the good fortune Bettina has brought to me. Ever since I have had her, everything succeeds. I have no more bad colds. I digest my food well. I win at dominoes, a thing I never did before. Indeed, thanks to her. I have become the most fortunate of men.

ROC. And to think, all this should have been mine.

LOR. But have I not rewarded you liberally? Have I not made you my grand chamberlain? What more could you wish for?

ROC. (*Sighing.*) I should like Bettina better.

LOR. Ah! you'll never be content.

ROC. Here, I have taken 1125 tickets in the Sicillian lottery, and what have I drawn—a *tooth*-brush, and a pair of penny gold sleeve buttons. Now if I had had a Mascot——

LOR. You could have done as I did—taken one ticket, and drawn the first prize—a fortune!

ROC. You see, you rob me. Then, again, everybody is asking who is this stranger the Prince has brought to court. Already they leer at her suspiciously as she passes by.

LOR Let them leer—let them ask! My conscience is clear.

ROC. Conscience? A trifling thing, now-a-days!

LOR. We'll change the subject. How about my daughter's wedding, which takes place to-day?

ROC. Everything is prepared, your Highness. After the ceremony, will come the ball, then the concert and a grand pantomine, for which I have engaged Salterelle and his troupe, and whom I expect at any moment.

LOR. Good! A very judicious arrangement.

FIAM. (*Outside.*) I tell you, you bore me!

ROC. I leave you. (*Enter* FIAM. *and* FRED., L., *as* ROC. *exits* R.)

FRED. (*Expostulating.*) But, my dear Fiametta——

FIAM. Enough. Let me alone!

LOR. Come, come, my children, you are altogether too premature! These little accompaniments should follow marriage, not come before!

FIAM. Oh, this is unbearable! He follows me like a shadow. I can't move without finding him at my heels!

FRED. It is all for love, my dear!

FIAM. (*Sharply.*) Rather, say jealousy.

LOR. There you are! Beginning again!

FRED. Why does she fly from me? Why does she shut herself up for hours alone in her room?

FIAM. Well, if you *must* know—to draw.

LOR. *and* FRED. To draw?

FIAM. Yes. I love drawing: it amuses me!

LOR. (*In a conciliating tone.*) One is not forbidden to cultivate the fine arts, you know.

FRED. You think so. (*To* FIAM.) And what do you draw?

FIAM. (*Coldly.*) Animals or flowers, monsieur.

FRED. (*Bringing forward a paper, which he had hidden behind him.*) Flowers indeed! And this, I suppose, is one of them!

FIAM. (*Aside.*) Ah!

LOR. (*Looking at drawing, which represents* PIPPO.) What is it? An ape?

FRED. Yes—a species! It is the portrait of that young shepherd we met at the farm, some three months ago.

LOR. (*Vexed.*) Pippo! That animal again!

FIAM. What! The idol of my love—my noble Pippo—an animal? Such depravity! And in a parent too!

FRED. She owns it

LOR. My daughter, you do wrong.

FIAM. (*Not listening.*) There is yet time to break off this hateful marriage!

LOR. But it shall not be broken off! This marriage must take place, because we all desire it.

FIAM. I understand. You wish to get rid of me! Ever since this so-called Countess of Panada has been in the house, I am nothing here!

FRED. (*To* LOR.) True! You have eyes only for her.

FIAM. (*Same time.*) She has eight servants to wait upon her.

FRED. To say nothing of the two who look after her poodle.

FIAM. Two Maids of Honor and a physician are attached to her person.

FRED. And when that poodle smells a rat, you should see her go into a fit!

LOR. (*Anxiously.*) Who? Bettina?

FRED. No, the poodle!

LOR. But it is a long time since I have seen Bettina, I am really getting anxious about her. Some accident may have befallen her.

FIAM. (*Bitterly.*) Re-assure yourself, papa, here is the Countess.

FRED. With her physician and maids of honor.

FIAM. (*Dryly.*) We give place to her.

LOR. But my daughter?

FRED. No apology is necessary — we give place to her.

FIAM. Follow me, Frederic! (*She exits,* R, *followed by* FREDERIC.)

LOR. Dear me, these perturbative minds, they quite unsettle me. (*Turning, sees* BETTINA *entering,* L.) Ah! Bettina, why this agitation?

(BETTINA *is in court dress, a maid of honor carries the train of her dress, two other maids of honor and a physician attend her. She enters quickly; they all follow her running, the physician in a a small trot.*

COUPLETS — BETTINA *and* LORENZO.

BETTINA.

Ah, let me be! Ah, let me be!
You set my poor brain beating,
Tho' I am e'er repeating—
Let me be! Let me be!

LORENZO.

What ails you, dear? you're ire provoking;
Speak out, O charming Panada!

BETTINA.

What ails me? I with rage am choking!
That is just what's the matter with me!
That's the matter with me!

COUPLETS.—BETTINA.

How of my village I am regretful,
Where I at eve, to viol's sound,
Sported, of life's troubles forgetful,
With all the village lads around;
But now, thanks to your modes provoking,
They hold my robe, I cannot run;
If I'd loosen my collar's choking,
No! I must strangle to make you fun.
Ah! from your court afar I swear it!
More content my heart did beat;
My coarse robe give back, I'll wear it,
With my big shoes on my feet.
My coarse robe let them restore,
My wooden shoes give back once more!

II.

When I am hungry, there's more fashion,
Naught that I love best can I eat;
While for potatoes I've a passion,
They cram me with white chicken meat.
Then my doctor preaches subjection;
Tells me each hour, by way of chat,
"Put out your tongue for my inspection,"—
Think you there is much fun in that?
Ah, from your court afar, I swear it, etc.

LOR. Calm yourself, Bettina. (*To the maids of Honor.*) Leave us. (*To the Physician.*) Have you obeyed my instructions?

PHYSICIAN. Yes, sire.

LOR. Any indications of disease as yet?

PHYS. No, sire.

LOR. No symptoms of insanity?

PHYS. No, sire.

LOR. Hydrophobia?

PHYS. No, sire.

LOR. (*Softly.*) Love?

PHYS. (*Hesitates.*) Well, sire, I couldn't say as to that!

LOR. What do you mean?

PHYS. You see, sire, love is an affection upon which we doctors agree to disagree.

LOR. (*Thinking a moment.*) Exactly; I understand you. But what treatment have you given her?

PHYS. The most thorough, sire. I have examined her pulse twice a minute—when she would allow me; her tongue every five minutes—when she would show it; administered a pellet of aconite in a quart of water, every half hour—when she would drink, and Turkish baths every hour—when she would take them.

LOR. (*Grasping him suddenly.*) Great heavens! You did all this?

PHYS. Yes, sire.

LOR. (*Looking at* BET., *who has retired up* R., *and is looking out of window.*) And she still lives! (*To* PHYS.) For the future, use a little more discretion. Do not make her show her tongue so often, and be milder in your treatment. You can leave me

PHYS. (*Bowing.*) Yes, sire. (*Exits* L., *in a small trot.*)

LOR. (*Anxiously.*) Well, Bettina, how do you feel?

BET. (*Coming down*) I feel—I feel—

LOR. Yes, yes; you feel——

BET. (*Emphatically.*) I feel as though I could never stand this life another day. You confine me in a room from morning till night, and guard me as you would a prisoner!

LOR. But, my dear, you can have anything and everything. You have only to ask for it.

BET. I wish to be free. I long to ride horseback—to gallop over hedges and jump ditches. Oh, for a little excitement!

LOR. (*Horrified.*) Gallop? Yes, and break the reins—I mean your neck! Oh, no; ask for anything but a horse!

BET. Then, a little swimming! (*Goes to window and points out.*) The deep blue river flows by this window. I swim like a fish. I love the water! (*Imitates swimming.*) One, two, one, two, and then down! (*Makes motion of diving through window.*)

LOR. (*Alarmed.*) Bettina! Think a moment. (*Imitating.*) One, two, one, two, and down you go like a fish—I mean like a stone—to the bottom. (*Aside.*) I must get her away from that window. (*Takes her arm, and leads her down as he speaks.* Now, Bettina, why not play at shuttlecock, skip-rope—something that will give you an appetite, you know!

BET. (*Indignantly.*) I—a Countess—skip rope? Never!

LOR. I confess, it is a little out of the general order of things. Still, I must do something for you.

BET. Well, if you must do something for me, give me Pippo.

LOR. Pippo!—that monster, Pippo! Oh, no, oh, no!

BET. I want my Pippo!

LOR. (*Expostulating.*) But my dear Bettina, think a moment!

BET. I won't! I want my Pippo!

LOR. (*As before.*) You think you do; but you don't, Now, Pippo cares nothing for you. You never hear anything from him.

BET. (*Sadly.*) That is true!

LOR. He has forgotten you. Why, no longer ago than yesterday, we caught him kissing one of the maids. (*Aside*) That'll do for a small one!

BET. He? Ah, the wretch—the ungrateful fellow! Well, I shall never marry!

LOR. Good, good—that's right! Never marry—never think of marrying. (*To himself.*) I feel easier now. (*Noise at back.*)

Enter ROC., L.U.E.

ROC. Your Highness, Saltarelle and his troupe have arrived, and await your pleasure.

LOR. Show them in at once, and summon all the court. (ROCCO *exits* L.U.E. *To* BET.) Here is amusement for you. (*Music.*)

(*Enter* FIAM, FRED., ROC., *and all the court; then* PIP., *in* SALTARELLE'S *dress, with a half mask over his face followed by players of the Italian Comedy—Harlequin, Columbine, Clown, etc.: then pages, who place themselves at back,* R. *and* L.)

CHORUS.

What a charming, bright dispaly,
We're about to see to-day!
Dancers on the scene appearing, graceful bearing;
And the actors, excellent!
Whose talents rouse much wonderment.
Here they come! Behold them here!
How smart and fine they appear!

AIR.—SALTARELLE. (*Recit.*)

All hail! to you, my lords
Fair princes, we salute you!
Agile dancer am I, with grace,
Hopeful to salute you!

In your presence you see me,
The great Saltarelle,
The off spring gay of folly
And lively punchinelle.

Ah, truly, 'tis I, great Saltarelle,
Italy's dancer, first in station;
When on the stage I rush, pell-mell,
Every one shouts, with approbation:
"How fine he is! How light and fleet!
What nimble turns, what grace elastic!
What pirouettes, what grace complete!
He's the true king of dance fantastic!"

I dance the stately minuet,
With a grand air that's quite confounding;
But in the ballet, higher yet,
I display my skill astounding!
Then, like the wind or lightning's glare,
You should behold me upward leaping,
Resting five minutes in the air,
Then falling back with cadence sweeping.
All cry out: "Bravo! that is well!" etc.
"Truly, 'tis he, great Saltarelle,"
I'm Saltarelle, dance king fantastic!

LOR. Bravo! Simply perfect! (*turning to the lords.*) Such grace, such dexterity! He is truly wonderful, this merry-andrew. (*He continues speaking to lords and others.*)

PIP. (*Turns a pirouette, which brings him near* BET.) Bettina, it is I —Pippo.

BET. (*Starts.*) My Pippo—ah!

PIP. (*Aside to* BET.) Come back directly; I will wait for you here.

BET. Yes; (*seeing* LOR *about to turn.*) away, at once! (PIP. *turns a second pirouette which takes him away from her.*)

LOR. (*To players, and pointing to the* R.) This side of the hall, my friends, is reserved for you. (*To the lords and others.*) Come, gentlemen, let us retire, and prepare for the wedding. (*moves up centre.*) Countess, will you accompany us?

FRED. (*aside to* FIAM.) Observe; he will not separate from her.

FIAM. It is scandalous.

LOR. Well—Countess.

BET. (*as waking from a dream.*) Here I am, Prince—here I am.

Chorus to exit.

(LORENZO *and all his court go up stage and retire,* L. *The players go off,* R, *leaving* PIPPO *alone.*)

PIP. (*Watches everybody off, then comes forward joyously.*) At last, I have seen her, spoken to her! (*Takes off his mask.*) I had begun to despair ever meeting her again, when kind fortune threw me among these players,—and learning that they were to give an entertainment during certain wedding festivities at the palace, I immediately seized upon the opportunity to reach Bettina. (*Seeing* BETTINA *enter.*) Ah, here she is!

BET. (*Enters,* L.U.E., *and runs to* PIPPO, *into whose arms she throws herself.*) Pippo!

PIP. Bettina!

BET. Is it really you, Pippo?

PIP. As sure as eggs are eggs it is.

BET. And do you still love me, Pippo?

PIP. More than ever!

BET. And you have come to take me away?

PIP. Yes, if you will go.

BET. Indeed, I will; but how am I to get away? I am continually watched and spied upon.

PIP. Leave that to me — It is very simple. I will bring you the dress of one of our players, which you can put on, and then, not known or seen, we can decamp together.

BET. Good; and then we will be married.

PIP. As soon as possible; — but now let me look at you. What a fine lady you make!

BET. And you, Pippo, how handsome you look!

DUET.—BETTINA *and* PIPPO.

PIPPO.

Know'st thou those robes of gay brocade,
Set off thy figure to perfection?

BETTINA.

Quite handsome thou art on inspection,
As a dancer arrayed.

PIPPO.

I've such delight when thee I see,
That I'm of food and drink forgetful;

BETTINA.

I life could pass, of naught regretful,
Gazing only on thee!
What gentle bearing, what address!
Thou'rt handsome, Pippo, I confess!

PIPPO.

And thou, too, hast the well-bred air,
Of a true Countess Panada!

BETTINA.

That's in the blood, 'tis not acquired,
And came by nature when inspired!

PIP.

I saw how others played their game,
And, crack! at once I did the same!

BOTH.

Ah, what delight our hearts attain,
To find each other once again!
'Tis long since I've so much enjoyed
An hour of pleasure unalloyed!

BET.

Arrayed thus like a monarch now,
Say, Pippo, hast thou kept thy vow?

PIP.

I ask, too, while admiring thee,
If still the same thou lovest me.

BET.

Oh, Pippo mine, assured be,
My heart has known no change toward thee!

PIP.

And, I, if I have changed my dress,
Kept my heart truthful none the less!

BOTH.

Ah, what delight our hearts attain
To find each other once again, etc.
But splendid robes, or palace dome,
Can equal not the joys of home!
Ah, native home, beloved home! Tra, la, la, etc.
Dost recall these festal mornings! Tra, la, la, etc.
Those were good times night and day!

BET.

I wore all my gay adornings,
Thou wentest in thy best arrav!

PIP.

Then to the bag-pipe's low droning
Danced we thus the hours away. Tra, la, la, etc.

BOTH.

Dost recall those festal mornings? Tra, la, la, etc.
Those were good times, night and day,
Ah, those were good times, night and day!

(*During the dance* ROC. *enters*, L.U.E., *stops at* C., *exclaims* Pippo!)

BET. Now, Pippo, let us haste! We must not be found here together. I will wait for you in my room. I long to fly away. (*Exits* L.)

PIP. And I too. I will get the dress at once. (*Exits* R.)

ROC. Pippo here! If the Prince knew the danger which threatens his Mascot! I must warn him. (*Seeing* LOR.) Here he comes.

(*Enter* LOR. R.U.E. ROC. *goes to him.*)

ROC. Oh, Prince! I wouldn't have believed it, if I hadn't seen it!

LOR. What?

ROC. Pippo.

LOR. That monster again?

ROC. Yes, 'tis he—Saltarelle!

LOR. The devil!

ROC. Precisely; he has come to carry off Bettina!

LOR. What carry off Bettina, my Mascot! I'll put a stopper on this gay Lothario. Let us seek him at once! (*They start to go; enter* FRED., R.U.E.)

FRED. (*With letter in his hand.*) Ah, father-in-law! I was looking for you. I've something important to tell you.

LOR. The devil you have! (*To* ROC., *aside.*) Look after Pippo, and stop him at any price. (ROC. *exits* R.) I'm all attention. What's the matter?

FRED. It is a letter from papa which a messenger has just brought.

LOR. Your papa?

FRED. No, the letter. I'll read it to you. (*Reading.*)

"My Dear Cousin:— I should like very much to embrace my daughter."

LOR. (*Following his thought.*) Embrace her? But perhaps some one is embracing her now!

FRED. Some one embracing her?

LOR. A mere clown; nothing more.

FRED. My beloved one?

LOR. Heh! I beg pardon; go on.

FRED. I continue. (*Reading.*) "I should like very much to embrace my daughter and kiss her." (*Noise of kissing outside.*)

LOR. A kiss! I heard one! (*He runs out* L. *quickly.*)

FRED. He's got 'em I am sure of it!

LOR. (*Re-entering, aside.*) It was only a page kissing a maid of Honor. (*To* FRED.) I've had a fright. Where were we? Proceed.

FRED. (*Reading.*) "But this morning I was seized with an attack of the gout, and shall not be able to attend the marriage ceremony."

LOR. Her marriage? Never! But, my friend, you do not know. Perhaps at this very moment she may be marrying some one else.

FRED. Who?

LOR. (*Louder.*) Her!

FRED. (*Louder.*) What her!

LOR. (*Screaming.*) He!

FRED. (*Screaming.*) What he?

LOR. (*Furious.*) You can't understand anything! While we are here, he is probably pressing her to his heart!

FRED. He! Who? What?

LOR. Oh, no! What am I talking about? Go on. I am a little excited, that's all.

FRED. So am I, for that matter. I will continue. (*Reading.*) "I shall not be able to attend the marriage ceremony. I send you by this messenger"——(*Noise of kisses outside.*)

LOR. Another kiss! I've got him this time, sure! (*Runs off* L.)

FRED. (*Continues reading.*) "By this messenger my blessing, and some wedding presents." (*Looking up discovers* LOR. *gone*)

Gone again! He's got 'em about as bad as they generally have 'em. (*He walks up. Enter* PIPPO, *hurriedly, from* R.; *they meet.* Pippo! You here?

PIP. In heaven's name, silence!

FRED. I understand. You are after Bettina?

PIP. Yes; but say nothing, I beg of you!

FRED. Have no fears. In me you see a friend. If I can assist you, I am your service.

PIP. Oh, thank you! Tell me, where is her room!

FRED. Close at hand. Come, quickly, or you will be seized.

PIP. I follow you. (*They turn to go up.* LOR. *appears at back with guards.*) LOR. Hold there, Mr. Pippo!

FRED. Dished!

PIP. Done for!

LOR. (*To guards.*) Look well after that man. He has dared to come in here; he does not go out again.

PIP. (*Gayly.*) Then you give me a position at court?

LOR. Yes, an elevated one. You will be hanged!

FRED. Hung!

PIP. Allow me——

LOR. I'll allow nothing! (*To the guards.*) Guard him well. You will answer for him with your heads! (*To* PIP.) Stay where you are. I am going to regulate you a little. (*Exits quickly, guards place themselves at back.*)

PIP. Hanged! So I am to be hanged? There's food for reflection!

FRED. But why have you been so indiscreet? Why have you dared to approach the Prince's favorite?

PIP. What? The Prince's favorite? 'Tis false!

FRED. False, is it? Reflect a moment. Why has the Prince brought her to court? Why has he made her a Countess?

PIP. (*Staggered.*) 'Tis true; but I cannot believe it!

FRED. Why is he the slave of her caprices? Why does he watch over her like the most jealous of lovers?

PIP. (*Sorrowfully.*) Too true!

FRED. Besides, no one is ignorant of it. You have only to ask, to be told.

COUPLETS.—FRED.

From courtiers, as they pass this way,
If you approach them with attention,
You'll observe what to you they'll say,
If of the Countess you make mention;

And if, by chance, you have the grace
To shield her virtue with a curtain,
Each one will laugh you in the face,
And thus reply "the thing is certain."
My dear, very simple are you;
But, ah! the fact is, that 'tis true;
In confidence, my dearest fellow,
'Tis known as the secret of Punchinello!

II.

Fair Bettine, as you know full well,
From a marquis is not descended;
But if her birth was naught to tell,
She was a girl superb and splendfd;
Now, if the Prince, one pleasant day,
Enticed her from her rustic station,
And brought her to the court to stay,
Was politics their conversation?
My dear very simple are you,
But, ah! the fact, the scandal's true!
In confidence, my dearest fellow, etc.

FRED. My dear fellow, I sympathize with you. Speaking frankly, you are too simple; but pardon me, if I leave you. I go to my wedding; you go to the gallows. Yes, my dear fellow, I sympathize with you deeply! (*Au revoir. He exits* L.)

PIP. Bettina false! And I was ready to marry her! He is right. I *am* very simple, and she is making game of me. But I'll be revenged—yes, sufficiently revenged. Alas, how? I am a pris- (*He throws himself into a chair, his head in his hands.* FIAMETTA *enters softly from* R., *sees* PIPPO. *She goes to the guards, speaks softly to them, they go out. She comes down where* PIPPO *can see her.*)

FIAM. Ahem!

PIP. (*Turning round.*) The Princess!

FIAM. Ah, at last, I see you again!

PIP. (*To himself.*) At last she sees me! There is nothing strange in that. (*Aloud.*) You are interested in me, then!

FIAM. Why do you ask? Can't you see that I am?—that I have eyes for no one but you?

PIP. (*Aside.*) Upon my word, she takes my breath away. (*Aloud.*) But you forget, my lady——

FIAM. I forget nothing, noble Pippo. I love you—I confess it! (*Throws herself on his breast.*)

PIP. Splendid! Delicious! I had no idea she was so nice!

FIAM. (*Drawing back a little.*) But tell me, Pippo—is it true that you love Bettina?

PIP. Bettina? No! She has played me false. I hate her! (*Aside.*) Oh, how sweet is revenge!

FIAM. Then there is nothing to prevent your loving me?

PIP. No. (*Aside.*) I'm in for it!

FIAM. (*Taking his arm and putting it around her waist.*) We shall be very happy—eh, Pippo? (*Impatiently.*) Say something sweet to me!

PIP. You are charming. (*Aside.*) No nonsense about her!

FIAM. Say more!

PIP. You are delicious!

FIAM. More yet!

PIP. Well then, I adore you!

FIAM. Yes!

PIP. I idolize you!

FIAM. Yes!

PIP. I worship you! (*Stops suddenly.*) Shall I kiss you.

FIAM. Oh, no; not now! Presently, when papa is here.

PIP. (*Thunderstruck.*) What!

FIAM. I have asked papa to come here with two witnesses.

PIP. You did that?

FIAM. Yes; I wish to be compromised. Then, papa will be obliged to let us marry. Do you understand?

PIP. Yes, yes; I understand. (*Aside.*) What a lark!

FIAM. (*Looking off,* L.) Here is papa! Quick! Quick! Press me to your heart. Kiss me, and speak words burning with love!

PIP. Burning with love? We'll have a conflagration here directly

FIAM. Yes, yes! Go on!

PIP. (*With fervor.*) Fiametta, here upon this breast I clasp thee! Oh, my angel! My idol!

FIAM. That's right—keep it up! (PIP. *presses her to his heart, and kisses her several times. In the meantime,* LOR. *has appeared at the back of stage, with two lords. He is dumbfounded.*)

LOR. Heaven! What do I see? My daughter in that monster's

arms! (*To* FIAM.) And is it for this you have summoned me hence?

FIAM. Yes, papa.

LOR. Leave us gentlemen! Remember, you have seen nothing. (*The lords go out. To* PIP.) As for you, you scoundrel!——

FIAM. (*Putting her arms around* PIP.) Tear him from my arms, if you will!

PIP. Yes, tear me from her arms, if you will! (*To* FIAM.) Hold me tight!

LOR. 'Tis useless.

FIAM. I love him! The witnesses you have brought can vertify it. All the court will know it. You have only one course to take—let us marry.

LOR. (*To himself.*) Just like Bettina! Ah—an idea! If I should marry my daughter to Pippo, Bettina cannot marry him. It will be a terrible *mesalliance*, but I shall keep my Mascot. Shall I hesitate? No! (*To* PIP.) Come here. From this day forth, you are Duke of Villa Rosa!

PIP. I?

LOR. You possess an in income of 50,000 crowns, which you will draw from my treasury.

PIP. (*Kneeling.*) But Prince——

LOR. Rise. I shall not feel it; for I can increase the taxes! Now that you have become a desirable person, I give you my daughter in marriage.

PIP. (*Stupified.*) Am I dreaming? (*To* FIAM.) Pinch me!

LOR. (*Meaningly.*) Later, my friend!

FIAM. Thank you, papa—you are very good—very kind!

LOR. Duke, you must hasten and dress as befits your rank for the ceremony. I am going to give orders. (*He rings bell, page appears at back.* LOR. *whispers to him;* BET. *enters and runs to* PIPPO.)

BET. Ah, Pippo! why have you not come? I have been waiting for you.

PIP. (*Stepping from her with a haughty gesture.*) Pardon me, madame; I am engaged.

LOR. Come along, Duke Villa Rosa.

BET. (*Surprised*) Villa Rosa!

PIP. Yes, father-in-law, I'll hasten and dress myself.

LOR. Make haste, son-in-law! PIPPO *exits,* L.U.E., *with pages, after having cast a look of disdain upon* BETTINA.)

BET. (*At left of* LOR.) Father-in-law! He calls you father-in-law?

LOR Yes, he is going to marry my daughter!

FIAM. (*At right of* LOR.) He adores me!

BET. And you would steal my PIPPO from me? Oh, no! This marriage will never take place!

FIAM. And what's to prevent it, my little one?

BET. Me—her little one! Oh!——

FIAM. (*Sneeringly.*) Why not, dear Countess?

BET. (*Threatning her.*) Don't you dear Countess me!

LOR. Come, come young ladies, this will never do!

FIAM. She only knows farm-yard language!

BET. (*Furious. Snatches glove from* LOR'S *right hand, and throws it at* FIAM.) There! Take that! I defy you!

FIAM. (*Snatches glove from* LOR'S *left hand, and throws it at* BET.) As for me, there's my answer!

LOR. (*Bewilderea.*) Bettina! My daughter!

BET. (*Snatches hat from* LOR'S *head, and throws it at* FIAM.) There! There!

FIAM. (*Snatching sceptre, or staff, from* LOR. *and throwing it at* BET.) Very well—there!

LOR. (*Calling loudly.*) Rocco, Rocco! Help, help! (ROC. *enters at back.*)

ROC. What is the matter!

LOR. Look after Bettina. (*To* FIAM.) And you go dress yourself.

FIAM. I obey, papa. (*Starts to go off* R., *stops at wing.*) Very soon, dear Countess!

BET. (*Exasperated.*) Oh!——(*She goes to throw herself on* FIAM. ROC. *attempts to hold her back and is thrown against* LOR., *who nearly falls.* FIAM. *goes out, laughing loudly.*)

LOR. Come, my dear Bettina—calm yourself.

BET. Never; so long as you give your daughter to Mr. Pippo!

ROC. What do I hear?

LOR. Why not, since they love each other? Put yourself in my place.

BET. They love each other? That is why he repulsed me, just now. I understand it all. He prefers a Princess to me. Ah, the traitor!

LOR. Why shouldn't he—I mean, why should he? Now, stop, and think a moment. He cares nothing for you.

BET. You are right. He will think, perhaps, that I mourn for him, and that, in despair, I shall wear the willow. (*Laughs nervously.*) Oh, *no!* I shall not want in getting married.

ROC. You!

LOR. But, Bettina, can't you see that it would be best to remain single?

BET. No, no, no! I tell you! I will be married. I will marry anybody—everybody!

LOR. Heavens! And she cooly contemplates bigamy.

ROC. (*Aside to* LOR.) I have an idea! Give her to me; I will marry her!

LOR. You?

ROC. Yes; as a matter of form only. Your Mascot will still be preserved.

LOR. You will? But, no. On second thoughts, I will marry her, as a matter of form, myself. (*To* BET.) Bettina, I have found you a husband!

BET. A husband?

LOR. Yes; it will be a magnificent match. *He* is a man of a certain age, but *he* is well preserved.

BET. Who is the he?

LOR. In me you see the he.

BET. You?

LOR. Yes; think of it! You will be Princess Piombina—you will be all-powerful.

BET. More powerful than Pippo and Fiametta? I should just like to be able to bulldoze them a little!

LOR. You can, perfectly!

BET. I accept you; but, I warn you, I shall not love you!

LOR. Suits me exactly. I don't want to be loved! Under the circumstances, it would be wholly out of the proper order of things. (*Aside.*) Now she will be safe for all time to come! (*Aloud.*) We will have the two weddings to-gether.

BET. Just what I should like!

LOR. Very well. Now, run and put on your best white dress.

BET. I go; it won't take long. (*Exits* L. *hurriedly.*)

LOR. And above all, don't forget the orange-blossoms!

ROC. She is worthy of it!

LOR. She shall always be worthy of it!

COUPLETS.—LORENZO.

To hunt the stag with horn and hound,
And in my cash-box gold impound;
At the cost of what's merchantable,
I'm fully able
To have cackly and good beak;
To drink, and eat good beef-steak,
With belly pressed against the table,
I'm also able!
(*Spoken.*) But for fair Bettine no danger lowers;
Steal away her sweet orange flowers—
In truth, I am really unable!

II.

To promise all my people much,
But still naught let them taste or touch;
Is politic, changeless and stable;
For I'm able
Within the wings to hide my face,
And push on others in my place,
And be for others answerable,
For that I'm able, etc.

(*Enter* FRED. *in wedding dress*, L.U.E.)

FRED. Here I am, father-in-law; here I am. I hope I am not late.
LOR. (*Aside to* ROC.) Frederic! Hang it all, I had forgotten him.
ROC. What are you going to say to him?
LOR. Ask me an easier one.
FRED. Well, father-in-law, where is my lovely bride?
LOR. Your bride? (*Bursting into a loud laugh.*) Ha, ha, ha!
ROC. (*Likewise.*) Ho, ho, ho!
FRED. (*Astonished.*) Hey? What?
LOR. (*Nudging* ROC.) Let me alone for a racket (*To* FRED.) Prince. (*Laughing again.*) Ha, ha, ha!
ROC. (*Same business.*) Ho, ho, ho!
FRED. Father-in-law has evidently taken a drop too much.
LOR. (*Still laughing.*) The fact is, my friend, another husband has turned up.
FRED. Another husband! Such an insult. Do not forget, Prince, that papa is an old warrior.

LOR. (*Snapping fingers in* FREDERIC'S *face. He jumps one side.*) That for your old warrior.

ROC. (*Same business.* FRED. *jumps back again.*) That for your old warrior.

LOR. (*Aside.*) With my Mascot, I shall win all the battles.

FRED. Is that your last word?

LOR. The last.

FRED. Very well, I leave you; but before I go, who has taken my place?

LOR. (*Pointing to* PIPPO, *who enters,* L.) He will tell you.

FRED. Pippo!

PIP. Yes, it is I, Pippo. I've changed my mind. Instead of going to the gallows, I have taken your place at the wedding. My dear fellow, you are too simple, I sympathize with you deeply. I do upon my word. (*Turns back upon him*).

FRED. Maledictions! I'll be revenged! (*Enter* FIAMETTA, R.)

(*During chorus,* "I'm ready now," PIPPO *advances bowing, and gives his hand to* FIAMETTA. "My bride intended all may view." LORENZO *points to* BETTINA, *who appear at back,* C., *in wedding dress. She comes down and sings* "Why, yes, 'Tis my own self, etc." *During chorus* "Yes, we've had too much talk, etc," LORENZO *goes to* BETTINA, *on the* L., *gives her his hand and advances up stage, escorted by maids of honor and pages.* PIPPO *goes to* FIAMETTA *on the* R., *gives her his hand, and advances up stage, equally escorted by maids and pages. The two parties meet up* C. *With a spontaneous movement,* BETTINA *drops* LORENZO'S *hand, and* PIPPO *that of* FIAMETTA, *they throw themselves towards one another, and quickly come down front together. General commotion follows.* "How will he bear to be mistaken." BETTINA *and* PIPPO *leap through window,* R. *Every one screams* "Oh!" LORENZO *faints in* ROCCO'S *arms,* FIAMETTA *in the arms of her maids of honor. Tableau.*)

FINALE AND CHORUS.

That is the Princess' groom in marriage,
Handsome is he—a well-made youth!
What rare grace, and what noble carriage!
He is a husband brave, in truth!
Yes, that's the Princess' groom in marriage,
Handsome is he—a well-made youth! etc.
A model husband he's in truth!
Good looks hath he—a well-made youth, etc.

PIP. I'm ready now.

LOR. All right, my sonny!
I have the pleasure to inform you,
That intend to marry too;
My bride intended all may view!

PIP. What! Bettina?

BET. Why yes! 'Tis my own self;
I marry the Prince, as you'll see.
Yes, soon united we shall be;
I like him, and he quite adores me!
Ah, ah, ah! This assembly gathered,
What a muss 'twill make!
Ah, ah! At this wedding royal
How they'll laugh and shake! Ah, ah, ah, etc.

LOR. Dear Bettina! pray be calm and steady!

BET. I'm gay, passing 'tis already. Ah, ah, ah! etc.
Pleasure and mirth I dearly love, etc.

LOR. That may in future trouble prove.

BET. Be reassured! When I'm queen-consort,
True I'll be to you evermore,
And faithfully your life watch o'er,
Like the wife of that brave captain.

CHO. What wife is that, and what brave captain?

BET. It is at home a people's song,
We sing at weddings, friends among,
And though to langh it may compell you,
Hearken well, and I will tell you.

LOR. Pray let us lose no further time.

BET. "Captain and Brigands" is the song.

CHO. "Captain and Brigands" is the song—
Let us hear! come, the song
Let us hear! Sing the song!

SONG.—BETTINA.

One day, a captain bold and daring,
Was taken by the brigand hordes;
He to his wife, at home despairing,
Wrote these dreadful moving word:

I'm prisoner here, and for my ransom
A thousand crowns in gold they wait;
If fails the sum, in terms unhandsome,
This, they say shall be my fate!
On Monday one ear goes—inhuman!
'Tother Tuesday; the nose next day;
On Thursday—click! good night, old woman!"
Madame gave a cry, right away!
To spare him sorrow,
The sum I'll borrow,
Aud send ere Monday, if we can;
We'll be correct now,
That they respect show,
The nose and ears of my good man.
If of so much he is bereft,
What will of him be left?

ALL. If of so much he is bereft, etc.

II.—BETTINA.

She only raised, thro' great exertions,
By Monday, just seven hundred crowns;
On Tuesday, eight; and, when complete,
'Twas Thursday,—smiles replaced her frowns;
But thinking of the ears departed,
The absent nose of her good man,
The good wife (all alike you'll find them),
And thus laid down her plan.
"He now must be far from enchanting,
I'd never dare show off such a stick;
Now so many good things he's wanting,
It is better to let him—click!
Let my old man go, hold on the cash tho'
For thanks to that small fortune neat,
'Twould be a pity, if, in this city,
I could not find a man complete.
I women know of honest fame,
Who would have done the same."

CHO. I women know of honest fame, etc.

LOR. It is a slander!
Now to the chapel we must wander.
CHO. Yes; we've had too much talk;
All four to chapel wend you;
For bliss doth there attend you;
Come, thither let us walk.
BET. What! Lovest thou me no more?
Pippo, say, is it true?
PIP. Why hast thou me betrayed?
BET. No, no! 'Tis thou, not I.
Wert thou not all agreed with her, that Princess haughty?
PIP. Art thou not of the Prince, Bettine, the mistress naughty?
BET. Who! I, that king's mistress, am I?
No, no! my Pippo, here I swear it!
PIP. Ah, that voice cannot lie; on thy word I rely!
Yes, thou the the truth doth speak to me.
They lied, 'tis plain, there's no denial.
BET. That we my love in liberty,
O Pippo, shall we make a trial?
PIP. True bliss dwells not in palace walls;
What matter titles, wealth, or station;
BET. Or lords or lackeys in the halls—
The devil take their ostentation!
More my fowls I love,
PIP. More I lambs approve,
BET. When they gobble thus—glou, glou, glou!
PIP. When my sheep bleat thus—ba!
BET. Glou, glou, glou, etc.
ALL. Glou, glou, glou, etc.
LOR. Enough! But be careful, nonsense now you talk;
I have a suspicion that my plans you'd balk!
BET. I like not that they longer tease me;
Come, Pippo, let us go, 'tis best!
LOR. To let them go thus doth not please me—
Ho, guards, there! both of them arrest!
BET. Wilt thou obey such laws tyrannic?
Flows the river there as you see;
But can'st thou swim?
PIP. Like fish in panic!

BET. Then, follow me!
Ah, my old man! what a game I have played you;
But you your wits have lost, upon my life!
Thus to believe me, the fool I have made you,
As to become a stupid greybeard's wife!
Now beware! I am rosebud named,
From my red petticoat, no doubt;
When my head, too, gets enflamed,
Keep off! or I will lay you out!
Pippo, come. (*To the guards.*) Touch him not!

BOTH. Ah, ah! Out with your guards!
All in jest he has spoken,

BET. See how goes off the Countess Panada!

PIP. See how goes off the Duke Villa Rosa!

BOTH. You lose the game and the charm you have broken!
No, little man, we are not thus caught, ah, ha!

ALL. Ah, ha! The pleasant story!
We're easy mannered, they pretend,
Ah, ah! With so little glory,
Who would have dreamed this all would end!
Off with your guards, etc.
He's lost the game, and the charm he has broken.
How will he bear to be mistaken, etc.

(BETTINE *and* PIPPO *leap through window. All cry out.*)

Ah! what a shocking thing!
Good heaven, what have they done! Ah!

END OF SECOND ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*The great hall of an Italian Inn, in the Duchy of Pisa. The back is open, and shows the country, with sun shining beyond. Doors* R. *and* L. *At* R., *2d Grooves, nuptial chamber. Chairs and rustic tables,* R. *and* L. *At the rising of the curtain,* SERGEANT PARAFANTE *and soldiers of the Duke of Pisa's army are discovered seated at the tables, drinking.* MATHEO *and the servants wait upon them.*

CHORUS OE SOLDIERS.—SERGEANT, MATHEO, ETC.

Fill the cups full, overflowing,
Come, Matheo, man, empty well your can,
That we crown our victory glowing!
Drink we, friends, the wine of our native vine!
A bumper, a bumper! we'll drain a bumper!
Fill the cups, etc.

SERG. (*Knocking on table.*) Bring hither, Matheo, some liquor,
That will, like rain-drops, downward float!

SOLDIERS. Waiter, come here, my glass is empty;
Fill, to moisten my burning throat!

MAT. May this good wine much better make you,
And with your lives your health preserve.

(*Aside.*) And may the arch-fiend, downward take you,
You and the vile Prince whom you serve!

CHO. Fill the cups, full overflowing, etc.

MAT. (*Aside.*) I wish my wine would choke you, you lazy hussars.

SER. What did you say?

MAT. Nothing. So, Sergeant, you have again beaten the Prince Lorenzo?

SER. On all sides; during the past month, since our sovereign, the Duke of Pisa, declared war against that old imbecile, Lorenzo XVII, we have given him a whipping every day.

1ST SOLDIER. It is Prince Frederic who commands.

2D SOL. And you ought to feel honored that he has deigned to make your inn his head-quarters.

MAT. I am greatly honored. (*Aside.*) I'd like to see them all to the devil.

SER. He is well seconded by our brave Captain Pippo; eh, boys?

1ST SOL. A regular dare-devil!

2D SOL. That's true. But where did he come from, this Captain Pippo?

SER. Nobody knows. Two months ago, two peasants, one tall and the other short, presented themselves at the camp and asked to be enrolled. The tall one was called Pippo. He performed great deeds of valor, and soon won the rank of Captain. The little one, who never leaves his side, is his orderly.

1ST SOL. 'Tis very strange, all the same.

2D SOL. Comrades, our Prince approaches!

SER. (*Commanding.*) Attention! Comrades, the Prince! Drummers, to your places! (*Every one rises, and puts himself in military position, in columns,* R. *and* L. *Two little drummers place themselves at the head,* R. *and* L., *and beat the tattoo. Enter* FRED. C. *from* R., *comes down; they salute.*

FRED. Greeting to you, my good soldiers! Greeting to the sound of the drum.

SONG.—FREDERIC AND CHORUS.

FRED.

That's well; good day, my braves!
Once more—the sound of the drum I adore.
Marking time, with cadence reproving,
Loud beats the drum in measured play;
Thoughtless of fatigue, we're moving,
Cheered by its sound thro' all the way!
Thanks to its beat, thus gaily file along,
Chiefs and their men encamped lie bold and strong.

II.

When we through a city are marching,
Wishing to touch a ladies' heart;
Softly 'neath their balconies arching,
Sweet, tender tones the drum imparts.
Thanks to its beat, each moment you may see
Chiefs and their men are glanced at witchingly.

Rataplan, rataplan! O drums, dear drums!
Never in life's march weary!
Have I had the fancy dull and dreary,

CHO. Rataplan, rataplan!

FRED. Your inspiring roll to prevent,
At the head of my brave regiment.

CHO. Rataplan, rataplan! O drums, dear drums!
Ne'er in life's march weary, etc.

III.—FRED.

At the hour of battle impending,
Its roll awakes the sleepers all;
Arms and orders only attending,
Down on the enemy they fall!
Thanks to its beat, we see upon the ground,
Chiefs and their men dash forward with a bound.
Rataplan, rataplan! O drums, etc.

FRED. Break ranks! (*They scatter about.*) But where is Captain Pippo? He asked me for a moment's audience and I am here to meet him.

(*Enter* PIP., C. *from* L., *in Captain's uniform.*)

PIP. Here I am, General.

FRED. Your hand, Captain. Soldiers, I declare before you, that our success is all owing to the valor of our brave Captain Pippo!

PIP. Oh, Prince! I may have valor, but you confuse me.

FRED. All heroes are modest; but let us change the subject. You wished to speak with me.

PIP. Yes, your highness; I have a favor to ask of you.

FRED. It is already granted.

PIP. It is very stupid; but then, it must come sooner or later. I wish to get married.

FRED. You marry, and with whom?

PIP. (*Pointing to* BET., *who enters* C. *from* L., *dressed as a little trooper.*) With my orderly.

ALL. With his orderly. What does he mean!

BET. (*Saluting* FRED.) If your goodness will allow it, General.

FRED. Good, very good. I understand. Granted.

SERGEANT *and* SOLDIERS. How? Granted?

FRED. Certainly. Listen, soldiers: this little trooper is a woman. (*Exclamations of surprise on all sides.*)

BET. Yes, comrade, a woman who became a soldier for love — all for this big goose. (*Taps* PIP. *on the cheek.*)

PIP. My little duck.

FRED. (*Coughing.*) Ahem! ahem!

PIP. (*Suddenly taking military position.*) Right about face!

BET. (*Doing same.*) Your pardon, General.

PIP. In two words, comrades, she is my sweetheart. We escaped together from the castle of the Prince Lorenzo. The old duffer intended to make her his wife, and we gave him the slip by jumping through the castle window into the river below.

SOLDIERS. Bravo! bravo!

FRED. Yes, and they jumped bravely, too. I was there.

BET. We swam like ducks, eh, Pippo?

PIP. Yes, and were soon out of their reach. Soon after, we learned from a fisherwoman hard by, that the Duke of Pisa had declared war against the Prince Lorenzo. I said to Bettina, let us go to Prince Frederic. Then we shall not fear pursuit. We forthwith presented ourselves.

FRED. And I enrolled them immediately.

PIP. We went to battle, Bettina was by my side. I became a lion.

BET. The first day he took a flag.

FRED. I made him Corporal.

BET. The second day he took a cannon.

FRED. I made him Sergeant.

PIP. The third day I took—— (*Aside.*) Now what the devil did I take the third day? I have taken so many things, — Ah, yes; I took a drop — I mean a cold, nevertheless, all goes well, and I want to be married this very day; yes, this very hour.

FRED. A marriage at a moment's notice. (*Pointing to* BET.) But this dress?

BET. Never fear, your highness. We have taken our little precautions in advance.

PIP. Yes, Prince; I have even gone so far as to have the nuptial chamber prepared. (*Pointing to the door on the* L.) Hang, it I forget this is not a palace.

BET. No matter. When at war, do as warriors do.

PIP. She is charming. In love as in war, everything goes well with us, eh, birdie?

BET. (*Tapping him on his cheek.*) Yes, my old chicken.

FRED. (*Coughing.*) Ahem! ahem!

PIP. (*Assuming military position.*) Right about face!

BET. (*As if carrying arms.*) Your pardon, General. (*Salutes and marches back to* C.) I go to dress myself.

PIP. (*Commanding.*) March! (*She exits* L.U.E., *in military order.*)

FRED. Ah! Pippo, you are indeed happy. You are beloved, while as for me, Fiametta disdains me.

PIP. Bah! Don't think about it; seek excitement on the field.

FRED. That is what I have done, I have defeated her imbecile old father.

PIP. Yes, and badly too; they say he is flying and that his army has deserted him.

MAT. (*Aside.*) Poor old man.

PIP. All the army are amused. They have even made songs about him. They call him the great orang-outang.

MAT. (*With a gesture.*) Scoundrels!

PIP. *and* FRED. (*Turning to* MAT.) Eh?

MAT. Nothing.

FRED. Yes, the Prince is flying with his daughter, whom I still love and who knows but what Fiametta may be sad and unhappy. (*Great noise outside.*) What's all that?

MAT. (*Looking out at back.*) They look like peasants. One would say they were wandering musicians. The soldiers surround them — they come this way.

FRED. Wandering musicians, no doubt. Let us retire where we shall not be annoyed. Come Captain!

PIP. I follow, Prince. (*They exit by a side door,* L.)

MAT. (*Up stage.*) Here they are.

(*Enter* LOR., ROC. *and* FIAM., *surrounded by a crowd of peasants and soldiers, the two men are dressed as peasants.* LOR. *with large red whiskers.* ROC. *with large black whiskers.* FIAM. *is dressed as a peasant woman, with her hair all rough over her face.* LOR. *holds a bagpipe,* ROC. *a flageolet, and* FIAM. *a tambourine*).

SONG.—FIAMETTA, LORENZO, SERGEANT AND CHORUS.

SERG. Nay, tremble not, good folks thus;
We're honest, each one of us;
But, tell us, pray, clearly showing,
What is this you here are doing!

LOR. Three poor strolling minstrels are we ;
Our instruments you here may see.
ROC. Our instruments you here may see.
FIAM. ROC. LOR. Han, han, han, han !
FIAM. Making the bagpipes wheeze,
Beating the tambourine,
Singing high melodies,
Our daily living we gain.
LOR. ROC. Hein, hein, hein, hein !
SERG. Then sing us some ballad amusing,
To pay you, some coppers we'll fling !
ROC. With good will ; what song shall we sing ?
SERG. Do you know, you grant us freedom
Of choosing that right lively song—
That ballad new and pleasant,
Which at present they all call
The " The Ourang-outang song."
LOR. Which they made on the old Prince, you know.
CHO. Precisely so !
Sing, then, pretty maiden, that song ere you go !
FIAM. About ourselves too—'twould be blameful !
LOR. To my brow mounts a blush quite shameful !
ROC. We cannot well do otherwise !
FIAM. Well, go on, then, the moment flies !
Sing the Ourang-outang refrain.
CHO. Silent, fair maid, we'll all remain !

SONG.—FIAMETTA.

That big ape who, at Piombino,
Ruled, and ruined with red tape,
ALL. The big ape, who etc.
FIAM. Sharply seized with griping colic,
Suddenly made his escape !
ALL. Sharply seized with, etc.
FIAM. That rude animal satanic,
Is, they say, one of the worst ;
Thus, you should have seen the panic
That among the people burst !
Every one's loud voice trembling rang,

ALL. Every body's loud voice, etc.
FIAM. Asking, "Have you seen the orang-outang?"
ALL. Asking, "Have you seen," etc.
FIAM. Tremble not, friends, kill or cure;
They will retake him, sure—Ah!
CHO. Tremble not thus, etc.

II.

FIAM. But 'twas quite another matter,
When our soldiers, thro' the wood.
But t'was quite another matter,
When our soldiers, thro' the wood,
ALL. But 'twas quite, etc.
FIAM. With their maids, in friendly chatter,
Strolled to seek for something good.
ALL. With their maids, etc.
FIAM. One might see the fair ones am'rous,
Far away their lovers push!
"Gracious! if that beast so clam'rous
Right between us here should rush!"
"No," said all, as each, trembling sprang,
ALL. "No," said all, etc.
FIAM. "I'd not like to meet the orang-outang!"
ALL. "I'd not like," etc.
FIAM. Tremble not, friends, kill or cure, etc.

III.

FIAM. But Zerlina, silence keeping,—
'Twas a girl who no fear knew,—
ALL. But Zerlina silence, etc.
On the sly, was softly creeping,
Towards a soldier's rendezvous;
ALL. On the sly, etc.
FIAM. But, alas! when night was falling,
Back they saw her come alone,—
With an air of rough o'erhanging,—
Naught else did she do but moan!
Mingled with her sighs, her tear-drops sprang;
ALL. Mingled with her sighs, etc.
FIAM. She, perhaps had seen the orang-outang!
ALL. She, perhaps, had seen, etc.

FIAM. "Softly," said the maiden fair,
"Ne'er you'll retake me there—Ah!"

CHO. Softly said the maiden, etc.
Your empty purse out hold now;
The song you well did sing;
And here, fair maid, behold now,
Some coins to you we fling.

SERG. But the trumpet I hear, us to duty recalling;
We must depart!

CHO. Tremble not, friends, etc.

(*All the soldiers exit singing the refrain of the chorus of the Orang-outang.* LOR., ROC. FIAM. *and* MAT. *remain.*)

LOR. (*To* FIAM., *who is counting the money.*) How much?

FIAM. Thirty-nine sous.

LOR. Keep them. We have no longer reason to be proud.

MAT. (*Roughly to* LOR.) Come, now, move on!

LOR. (*Angrily.*) Move on. (*Softer and more amiable.*) Oh, Matheo! Matheo!

MAT. What now?

LOR. You remember your old master, Prince Lorenzo?

MAT. (*Feelingly.*) Ah, yes, indeed I do remember him. He was not very powerful, but he was a good man.

LOR. (*With effusion, and shaking him by the hand.*) Thank you, thank you. You, at least have a kind word for him, while others treat him as an orang-outang.) Thanks, good friend, thanks.

MAT. (*Astonished.*) Who are you?

LOR. Matheo. (*Taking off his beard, which he puts in his pocket.*) Look!

MAT. The Prince!

LOR. No, — I am nothing now.

MAT. Is it true, then.

LOR. Yes, my old luck has returned. Defeated by the Duke of Pisa in every quarter, my faithful subjects revolted and invaded my palace.

FIAM. Our lives were threatened.

LOR. I am no coward, but I saw that the only way to get out honorably, was to get out quickly.

ROC. Which we did manfully.

FIAM. And thoughtlessly forgot——

ROC. Our cash-box.

LOR. One always forgets something. Then (*Pointing to* FIAM.) my darling child, my grand chamberlain.

ROC. (*Taking off his beard, which he puts in his pocket.*) Your ex-chamberlain.

LOR. Quite right, quite right; my ex-chamberlain and myself borrowed these make ups, I should say disguises, and after enduring a thousand fatigues, find ourselves safe——

MAT. In the enemy's camp.

LOR. Quite right. As safe here as anywhere. Do you know what my faithful subjects have done.

MAT. No, what?

LOR. They have set a price on my head; they have offered a reward of 497 francs.

MAT. Why this fraction? Why not a round sum?

LOR. Perhaps it is because my head is not worth 500 francs. All this would not have happened to me a month ago.

MAT. Why?

LOR. Because I had——(*Noise of Music and bells ringing outside.*)

FIAM. What's all this noise?

MAT. Don't heed it; it is only a wedding.

FIAM And who is to be married?

MAT. A beautiful girl, named Bettina.

LOR. (*Jumping up.*) Bettina!

FIAM. *and* ROC. Bettina!

LOR. With whom?

MAT. A brave officer, captain Pippo!

FIAM. Pippo!

LOR. Pippo!

FIAM. He marries her? Ah, papa, my nerves! I faint! (MAT. *comes quickly with a chair.*)

LOR. Some vinegar, Matheo, some vinegar!

MAT. Directly. (*Goes out.*)

ROC. (*On right of* FIAM.) We must chafe her hands.

LOR. (*On left.*) Yes.

ROC. (*Rubbing* FIAM'S *hand.*) So Bettina is to be married?

LOR. (*With energy.*) So much the better!

ROC. (*Same business.*) How so much the better? You well know, if this marriage takes place, Bettina ceases to be a Mascot.

LOR. Precisely—that pleases me. Since I no longer possess her myself, no one else shall have her. You understand?

LOR. (*Walking up* L.) Matheo—the vinegar!

ROC. (*Mechanically rubbing* FIAM'S *hand.*) I have nothing to gain from Lorenzo, while if I preserve the Mascot to Frederic, I can hope for everything from his gratitude. (*Leaving* FIAM'S *hand.*) Matheo—the vinegar! (*He walks up stage.*)

LOR. (*Comes back, takes* FIAM'S *hand, which he rubs mechanically.*) Frederic, no longer having the Mascot, the chances become equal. I will begin the war again, and conquer him

ROC. (*Coming back, and speaking to himself.*) After reflecting, I shall go and warn the Prince.

LOR. (*Same time.*) After thinking it over, I shall let this marriage go on.

FIAM. (*Opening her eyes.*) Where am I? (*Gets up.*)

ROC. She is recovering!

MAT. (*Coming back.*) Here is the vinegar.

LOR. We no longer want it; you have been too quick about it. Keep it for the salad. (*Noise outside, and joyous acclamations*)

FIAM. (*With a cry.*) Ah, I remember—a wedding!

MAT. (*Up stage.*) Here are the bride and bridegroom and their friends coming from the chapel.

LOR. (*To* FIAM.) Courage, my child, courage! (*To* ROC.) Our beards—let us put them on and keep one side. (*They hide in a room, or cupboard, on the left. Enter* PIP. *and* FRED., *at back, in grand dress;* BET. *as a bride, accompanied by friends and soldiers.*)

SONG.—PIPPO.

I near the goal, I near the goal,
I've no more dread of ills harrassing,
I'm in the way of wealth amassing,
Beyond control; I near the goal!
Friend am I of a Highness royal,
And honors are mine, ever loyal;
I near the goal, I near the goal!

II.

I near the goal, I near the goal,
By thy fair face I'm quite confounded,
Thy brow, thine eyes, thy form well-rounded,
Delight my soul! I near the goal!

But love's reward will soon console me,
With patience I must still control me;
I near the goal! I near the goal.

FRED. Now this bridal chamber festal
Doth await the Vestal.
Friend, behold the night is here,
And we must softly disappear.

FIAM. O, papa, how fine he is!

LOR. Who is — Pippo?

FIAM. No, my Fred'ric there!

LOR. What say'st thou is Fred'ric here?

FIAM. Note his martial bearing, full of daring!
Look, I repeat, is he not sweet?

CHO. This thing at least, is certain,
He hath sent us away;
Love hides behind a curtain,
Let us haste to obey.
Now this bridal chamber festal
Doth await the Vestal, etc.

(*All the assistants go out on tip-toe at back, during which* BET. *is made to enter the nuptial chamber.* FIAM. *gives* FRED. *a last look as he goes off at back.* PIP. *remains alone.*)

PIP. *Au revoir*, my friends, *au revoir!* (*Coming to the front.*) Here I am, alone; nothing to do, but think of my little wife, my dear Bettina. How my heart palpitates! so does hers, no doubt. A kiss—I must have a kiss from those ruby lips! (*Goes towards nuptial chamber.* ROC. *in the meantime steals across stage on tip-toe. As* PIPPO *is about to enter,* ROC. *taps him on the shoulder.* PIP. *turns quickly.*)

PIP. What?

ROC. Pardon, captain—a word.

PIP. Who are you?

ROC. (*Taking off beard.*) Look!

PIP. (*Surprised.*) My old master! Hang it, what brings you here?

ROC. I must speak with you.

PIP. Not now—I am engaged. I will see you to-morrow.

ROC. Oh, no; to-morrow will be too late—it is about your future welfare.

PIP. My future welfare? Speak quickly, then, for I have no time to lose.

ROC. (*Looking around, and then speaking in a marked tone.*) Listen. For the past month, you have done great deeds; defeated great armies, and have been overwhelmed with gifts and favors from the Prince. To what do you think you owe this unlooked-for good fortune?

PIP. (*Nobly.*) To my valor!

LOR. (*Looking out of door,* L.) What do I see—Rocco and Pippo together!

ROC. Your valor? Now, don't deceive yourself! You know you are a chicken-hearted fellow. No, no—you owe all to a woman—to Bettina; because Bettina is a Mascot.

PIP. (*With a cry.*) A Mascot!

LOR. (*Aside from door.*) Ah! He's splitting!

PIP. A Mascot? Are you sure of that?

ROC. Absolutely sure; and the proof is, that all this good fortune has come to you since she has not quitted your side.

PIP. True. What luck! What chance! So I have married a Mascot?

ROC. (*Stopping him, as he is about to enter chamber.*) Unfortunate man, don't go there!

PIP. Why not?

ROC. Why not? Because if you go in that room, if you take from Bettina the orange blossoms she wears in her bosom, if you even kiss her, that moment she cease to be a Mascot!

PIP. But, hang it all, I love her! She is my wife.

BET. (*Inside.*) Pippo! Pippo!

PIP. She calls me—you hear her?

LOR. (*Aside from door.*) Go in, you donkey?

ROC. Don't enter. One step further—good by, fortune, good by, honors, good by, happiness! You will become a poor shepherd again.

PIP. (*Determinedly.*) Never!

ROC. (*Suddenly.* An idea—make her your sister, and the future is yours!

LOR. Wretch!

BET. (*Inside.*) Pippo—my little Pippo!

PIP. I hear her. There—she is coming!

ROC. Courage! Be firm; be cool!

LOR. (*Aside, from door.*) Yes; damned cool!

PIP. I must and will; but how can I trust myself? Oh, if I only had some one to help me!

ROC. Listen I go in there. (*Pointing to door* R.) If you begin to fail, I will call you to order by playing upon this (*Pointing to clarionet.*) the Legend of the Mascots.

PIP. Very well. That will do, for I am determined.

LOR. (*Aside, from door.*) Happily, I have my bagpipe. We shall see!

BET. (*Coming out in night attire, her orange blossoms at her side, and a lamp in her hand.*) Pippo! Ah, there you are. (*Places lamp on table;* LOR. *is hidden on one side,* ROC. *on the other.*)

PIP. It is she!

QUARTETTE.—BET., PIP., LOR., ROC.

BET. How's this Pippo? that when I call you,
You stay away, 'tis impolite!
Why should it happen that your wife,
Must come to seek you here, I pray!

PIP. Ah! I must take care, now,
If I should look there, now
Faith! I feel 'twould be, all up with me!

BET. Away from me you now are looking!
What gives your welcome such a chill?

PIP. Well I will tell you—'tis provoking—
I have a head-ache that makes me ill!

BET. Only that! A head-ache merely?
That's not much—you must confess!
To cure you a trifle, really, I a remedy possess!

PIP. You possess?

BET. 'Tis safe to try it!

PIP. I doubt!

BET. Just make use of this!

PIP. How would you have me apply it?

BET. On my cheek imprint a kiss!

PIP. Take a kiss?

BET. Take a kiss!
Sweet are kisses to take or render,
'Tis, you know, on the rose-lips tender!
On their young babes, that mother's press,

To soothe them,—a loving caress.
In all lands, among every nation,
Is there aught more charming than this?
There's every phase of osculation—
Husbands and wives, and lovers, too, kiss!
Showing that love is universal;
Life's poem 'tis in constant rehearsal!
Take, then, quickly, my proffered kiss,
I have naught to refuse thee, I'll give thee bliss!

(*Holds out her cheek.*)

PIP. (*Hesitates and looks around.*)
Ah, a kiss! What delight, what gladness!
Still to hesitate would be madness!
(*Approaches to embrace her.*)

ROC. (*Aside.* Ah, he yields! Quick, ere 'tis too late!
(*Plays the air of the Mascot.*)

BET. (*Surprised.*) What makes you thus delay? I wait!

PIP. (*To himself.*) To lose a Mascot, what a blunder! (*To* BET.)
Ah, wait a bit—pain my head splits asunder!
Ah, wait, do! pain my head splits asunder.

BET. (*Weeping.*) Thus to reply to my affection!
Such conduct base my patience tries!

PIP. To your heart I have brought dejection!
And tears do I see in your eyes!

LOR. (*Plays a village air.*) My turn now!

PIP. (*Listening.*) That tune of our village!
What mem'ries dear, it wakens here!
Its sweet tempting I'll resist no longer!
I love thee, love thee, dear Bettina!
(*Rushes toward* BET.)
And fain would take from thy dear bosom
That sweet orange blossom you wear!
'Tis the hour of mystery present,
When we speak in whispers low;
Since you find me now more pleasant,
Do not near me tremble so.
That bouquet, your sole wealth and splendor,
Is the proof of your passion tender;
'Tis the pledge of love's ardent vow,

That thro' life, we've both kept till now.
From thy heart, O sweet flower approved,
I desire in a husband's name,
That bouquet, yes, my dear beloved,
On my knees here, that flower I claim—
That bouquet from thy breast, on my knees I claim!

BET. Here thee I give it!

ROC. (*Aside.*) One moment.

PIP. (*Hesitating*) No; 'tis thy fortune.

BET. (*Tenderly.*) Well, Pippo—what?

PIP. (*Looking at her.*) But the love!

LOR. (*While* ROC. *plays the Mascot,* LOR. *plays the village air.*)
I acccept the struggle.

PIP. Which voice will to me loudest speak?
What a strife for a heart of feeling!
Ah, 'tis like stealing!

BET. Come, love, to thee I softly call!

(LOR. *blows so loud that he bursts the skin of his bagpipe, with a great noise.*)

LOR. (*Aside.*) All's up! I my bagpipe have shattered!

(ROCCO *continues his air triumphantly.*)

BET. (*To* PIP.) This boquet—you desire it not?

PIP. (*Backing off.*) Not yet, my poor head feels so batter'd!

ENSEMBLE.—BET, PIP., LOR., ROC.

BET. Ah! with wrath I'm fairly choking!
How his coldness is provoking!
What has happened, who can tell?
Cold his heart lies as a spell!
Thee, he said, I adore!
Yet there like ice doth stand.

PIP. Yes! this coldness is provoking!
She with anger now is choking!
My true path is traced full well,
I must stay as in a spell!
While she waited imploring,
I, her still adoring,
All frozen here stand, etc.

LOR. Rocco is too provoking!
I with hot wrath am choking!
Frozen as in a spell
Stands he, why, who can tell?
While her husband imploring,
He, still her adoring,
All frozen doth stand, etc.

ROC. Ah! she with rage is choking!
His coldness is provoking!
All this has pass'd off well,
Yes! all has pass'd off well,
Vain was all her imploring,
And vain his adoring,
He frozen doth stand, etc.

(*At the end of quartette,* BET. *walks angrily away.* PIP. *wishes to rush after her.*)

PIP. Bettina!

BET. (*Furious.*) There, that's what you deserve. (*She boxes his ears, then runs into her room and locks the door.*)

PIP. (*Throwing himself against the door and knocking.*) Bettina! Bettina! (*Noise of key being turned twice.*) She has double locked the door. (*Knocking again.*) Bettina! Open, I beg of you.

ROC. (*Who has come out of hiding.*) Come, come, — no weakness.

PIP. (*Angrily.*) Let me alone — you bore me. (*Knocking again.*) Bettina! I ask pardon. I give up fortune, honors, everything. I want only you!

ROC. Ah, I will go and warn Prince Frederic. (*Goes out quickly at back.*)

PIP. (*Calling at door.*) Bettina, I am on my knees, I implore you.

LOR. (*Coming out of his hiding place.*) She will not open it.

PIP. (*Turning around.*) Who speaks?

LOR. I!

PIP. And who are you?

LOR. No matter. You have wronged her. You have trampled upon her heart.

PIP. (*In despair.*) What shall I do, then?

LOR. (*Seizing his arm.*) Come with me! (*Drawing him off,* R.I.E.) Come!

PIP. (*Resisting a little.*) But who are you?

LOR. Your good angel. (*Still urging him.*)

ROC. (*Outside.*) This way, Prince, this way!

LOR. Ah, some one comes. Follow me! (*Draws him off.* R.I.E. *Enter* FRED., ROC., SERG., PARAFANTE *and Soldiers at* C., *back quickly.*)

FRED. Sergeant, guard this door with two sentinels. (*Points to door of chamber,* R.) A Mascot! A Mascot! and she is mine. My friend, you can count upon my gratitude.

ROC. I shall do so, your highness.

FRED. But where is Pippo? Sergeant, tell Captain Pippo I wish to see him.

LOR. (*Enters at back, and comes down rubbing his hands.*) He won't be likely to find him very soon.

FRED. What does this peasant say?

LOR. I say that he won't be likely to find him very soon. Captain Pippo is engaged, very much engaged. (*Laughing.*) Ha, ha, ha!

FRED. This fellow's making game of us.

ROC. (*Aside.*) I smell something wrong.

FRED. Who are you?

ROC. (*Pulling off his beard.*) It is Lorenzo.

FRED. Lorenzo! And you dare to brave me here. Soldiers, surround him!

FIAM. (*Enters from left and throws herself at* FRED'S *feet.*) Pardon! Pardon, for my father's sake, pardon!

FRED. (*Astonished.*) Fiametta! (*Looking at her. Aside.*) How lovely she is. (*Aloud.*) I pardon you, — rise.

FIAM. (*Putting her hand to her heart. Aside.*) How my heart beats. (*Looking at him.*) How handsome he looks. (*Aloud.*) Prince, I find you swift to forgive, while I am slow to love. Do not turn from me.

FRED. (*Transported.*) What! You love me at last. You ——

ROC. (*Pulling him by the sleeve.*) You forget Pippo.

FRED. True; where can he be?

LOR. (*Pointing to chamber,* R.) He is there!

ROC. What?

FRED. How do you know?

LOR. (*Imitating.*) I gave him a back up by the window.

FRED. I must make sure of that. Soldiers, break open the door!

SERG. 'Tis useless, he is opening it. (BET. *and* PIP. *appear upon the threshold of the door.* PIP. *holding victoriously, the boquet of orange blossoms.*)

FINALE.—ALL *and* CHORUS.

PIP. Pray tell me why thus loud you cry
In such an uncivilized fashion!
Can you not leave my wife and I
Here in peace with our tender passion?
FRED. His wife, too!
ROC. That bouquet he holds!
PERSONAGES. The bouquet he beholds!
FRED. Then our ill luck all has come back;
FRED. *and* LOR. No more Mascot now!
ROC. The charm's hereditary!
PIP. That's true! When you're a papa merry,
Your first child, I'll bring up, I vow!
FRED. No! that is my privilege now!
PIP. Two? How so? 'Twould troublesome be!
But, with twins, the thing would go bravely!
Dear Bettina, do you hear?
Our friends are more than kind.
BET. Then, dear husband, we'll leave care behind!
LOR. Mascots we must believe in!
CHO. We must believe in!
ROC. I do, most faithfully!
Since on that old tradition
CHO. That old tradition—
ROC. Hangs our success, you see.
BET. In this hall, unsuspected,
I've more than one detected.
PIP. I many more behold; yes,
More than twenty-fold, all told!
They are our fair inspectors,
Our charming house protectors,
To conjure happy fate,
And must applaud first-rate!
ALL. They are our fair inspectors, etc.

CURTAIN.

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